

AMERICA'S FAVORITE WAR COMICS

SEPTEMBER

No. 25

10¢

# G.I. Joe



Mulvaney the Leprechaun in  
THE TWO-LEAF CLOVER



More Letters for G.I.'s...  
G.I. JOE'S PEN PALS

Message From a Stranger...  
THE LAST LETTER

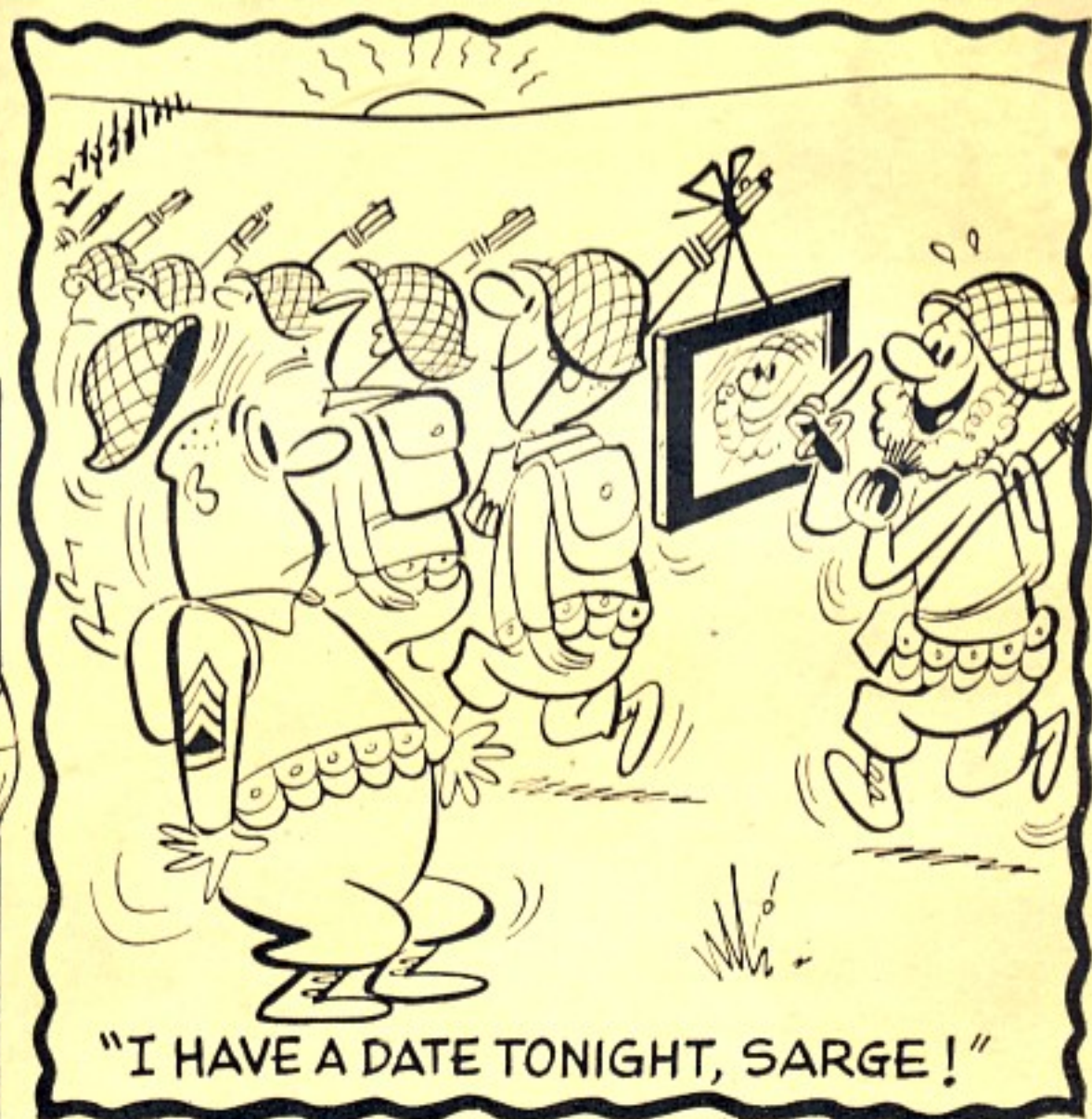




WEB COMIC  
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# INFANTRY HUMOR



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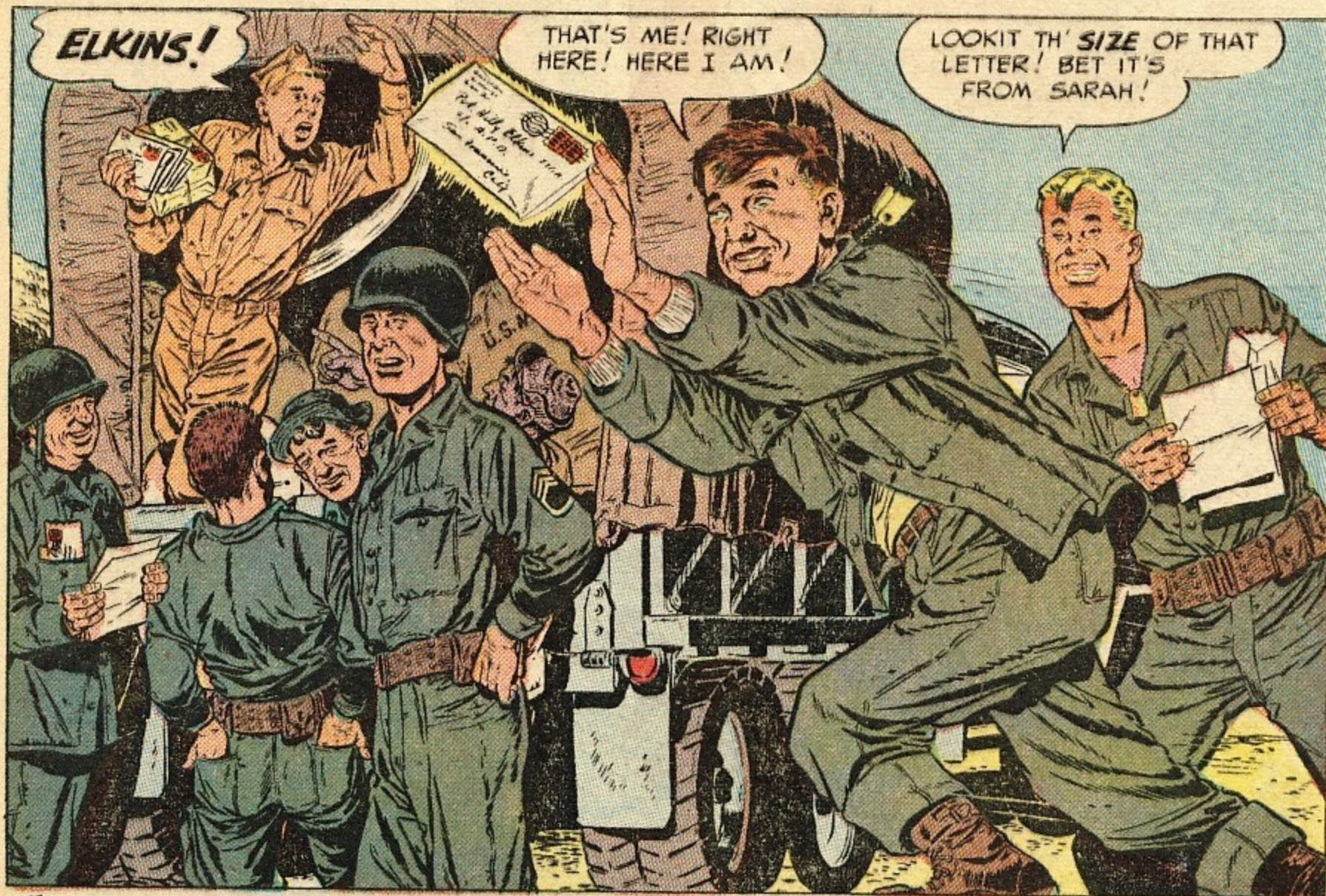
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# G.I. Joe

## in The Last Letter

**MAIL CALL!** LETTERS FROM HOME... FROM SWEETHEARTS, WIVES, MOTHERS — ANYTHING AT ALL AS LONG AS IT'S A LETTER! IN "BAKER" COMPANY HILLY ELKINS WAS THE REAL CHAMP! HILLY'S LETTERS FROM HIS WIFE, SARAH, WERE THE FATTEST, THE NEWSIEST AND THE MOST FREQUENT! IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT THE TIME WOULD EVER COME WHEN HILLY ELKINS WOULD HOLD A HEAVY ENVELOPE IN TREMBLING HANDS, WELL AWARE THAT FOR HIM IT WAS TO BE... **"THE LAST LETTER!"**





LATER THAT NIGHT...

AW, SNAP OUT OF IT, HILLY! SARAH SAYS NOT TO WORRY! SHE'LL BE OKAY!... SAY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW CHAPLAIN O'REILLY!

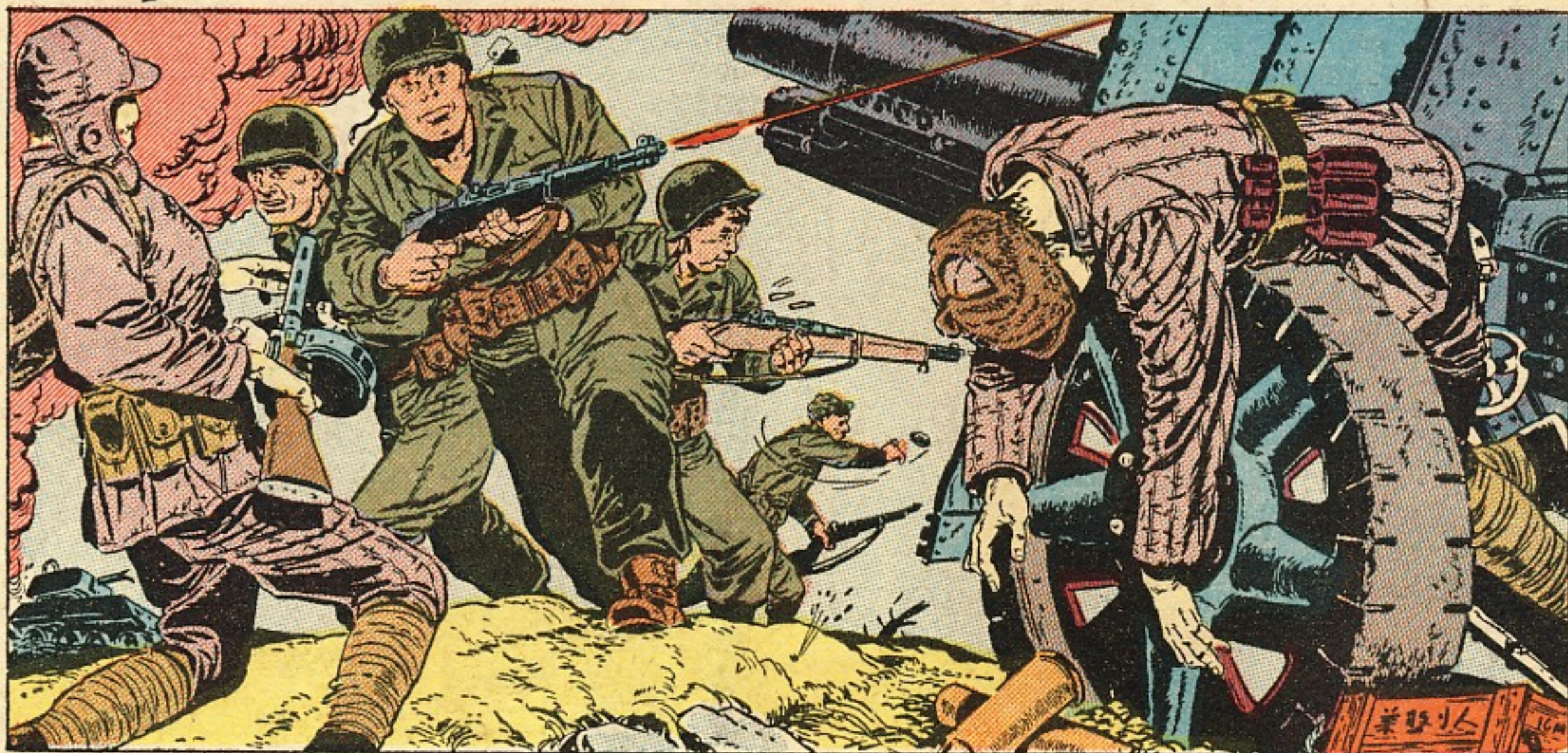
HE WAS OUR PARISH PRIEST BACK HOME. NOT MUCH CHANCE OF SEEIN' HIM OUT HERE, THOUGH. KOREA'S NOT **THAT** SMALL!

YOU NEVER KNOW, HILLY...

YOU AND SARAH GOT A NAME ALL PICKED OUT FOR THE BABY?

YEP! HILLY ELKINS, JR. SARAH WON'T ALLOW ANYTHIN' ELSE! AN' SHE'S SO DARNED **SURE** IT'S GONNA BE A BOY!

THE NEXT MORNING, BAKER COMPANY MOVES INTO FIERCE ACTION...



AFTER AN ONSLAUGHT THAT STRETCHED INTO THREE WEEKS, THE NEXT MORNING... BAKER COMPANY RETURNS TO ITS AREA...

...AN' YOU GOTTA QUIT WORRYIN', HILLY! YOU'LL GET 'A LETTER! IT'S PROBABLY WAITIN' FOR YOU RIGHT NOW!

IT **BETTER** BE! I PUT ON TEN YEARS 'SWEATIN' OUT ELKINS' KID! I AIN'T AS YOUNG AS I USETA WAS!

**YEE-OH! MAIL!**

GET THE CIGARS OUT, HILLY! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET THE GOOD WORD!





**B**UT AS THE MAIL WAS PASSED OUT...



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, AT LIEUTENANT PARKER'S HEADQUARTERS...





THE NEXT MORNING...

LIEUTENANT PARKER?

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN O'REILLY! WE HAD WORD YOU WERE COMING!

I'D LIKE TO SEE PRIVATE HILLY ELKINS, LIEUTENANT! I-ER-HAVE SOME NEWS FOR HIM!

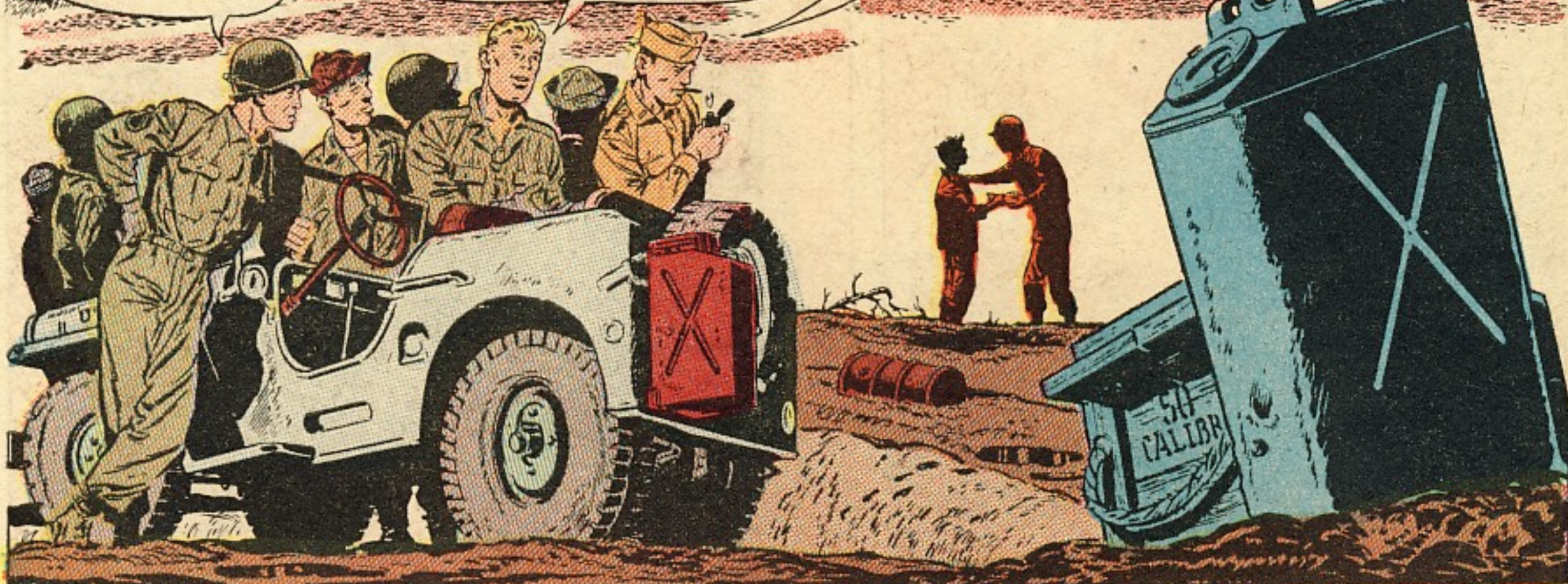
I'LL GET HIM, CHAPLAIN! AND IF THAT'S A LETTER FER 'IM, HE'S SURE GONNA BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MOMENTS LATER...

THIS DON'T STACK UP RIGHT, LOOTENANT! A PADRE DELIVERIN' THE MAIL!

AND WHY WOULD HE TAKE HILLY OVER **THERE**, SIR? IF IT'S THE NEWS ABOUT THE BABY HE'S BEEN EXPECTIN', YOU'D THINK...

WE'LL KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BURCH, WHEN WE KNOW WHAT THE NEWS **IS**! UNTIL THEN... WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE!



AND AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ETERNITY...

...AND YOU MUST HAVE **FAITH**, HILLY! SARAH ASKED ME TO TELL YOU OF **HERS**!

**FAITH?** IN **WHAT**, FATHER? YOU USED TO TELL US BACK HOME-- BUT OUT **HERE**? **NOW**?

FAITH ISN'T GOVERNED BY **WHERE** YOU ARE, HILLY, BUT BY **WHAT** YOU ARE! BY WHAT THOSE WHO LOVE YOU BELIEVE YOU TO BE! BY WHAT YOU BELIEVE **YOURSELF** TO BE!

WORDS... WORDS! JUST **WORDS**!

WHAT IS IT, CHAPLAIN?

SARAH ELKINS IS DEAD! SHE DIED GIVING BIRTH TO HILLY ELKINS' BABY SON!





THE ENVELOPE I GAVE HIM HOLDS THE LAST LETTERS SARAH EVER WROTE! BRAVE, BEAUTIFUL LETTERS FROM A BRAVE AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL! SHE ASKED THAT I BE THE ONE TO GIVE THEM TO HILLY. SHE KNEW WHAT WAS AHEAD FOR HER WHEN SHE WROTE THEM!



BUT THE BABY, CHAPLAIN? IS THE BABY ALL RIGHT?

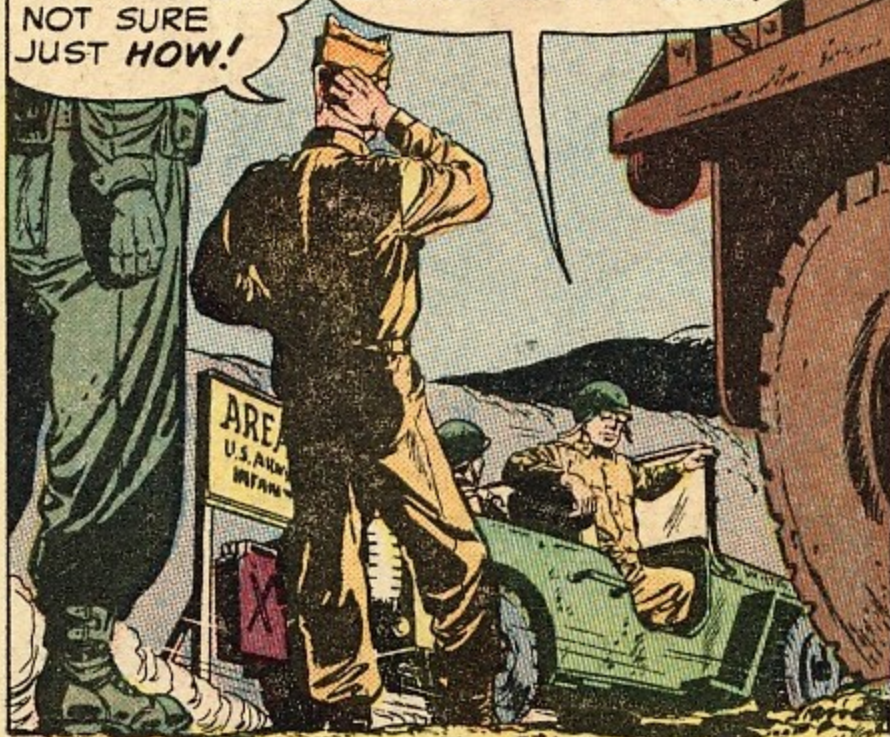
A FINE BOY!...

DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN FOR HILLY, WILL YOU, LIEUTENANT? I WISH I MIGHT STAY, BUT I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO THE FRONT! THEY NEED ME THERE, TOO!



WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN, CHAPLAIN! ALTHOUGH I'M NOT SURE JUST **HOW!**

NO DOOR IS EVER CLOSED, LIEUTENANT, WITHOUT ANOTHER ONE BEING OPENED IN ITS PLACE!



BUT HOW **CAN** WE HELP HILLY, LIEUTENANT? HOW COULD **ANYBODY?**

I DON'T KNOW, BURCH... BUT THERE MUST BE A WAY... COME ON...



SECONDS LATER...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO READ **THAT** LETTER, TOO, ELKINS?

N-NO, SIR! NOT THIS ONE! I-I **CAN'T!**



YOUR WIFE MUST HAVE WANTED YOU TO READ IT, ELKINS... OR SHE'D NEVER HAVE WRITTEN IT!

I **CAN'T** READ IT, LIEUTENANT! DON'T YOU **SEE...?**







WHEN I READ THESE LETTERS, SARAH WAS STILL ALIVE! SHE'S ALIVE TO ME NOW... BECAUSE I KNOW THERE'S **ANOTHER LETTER** TO COME...!



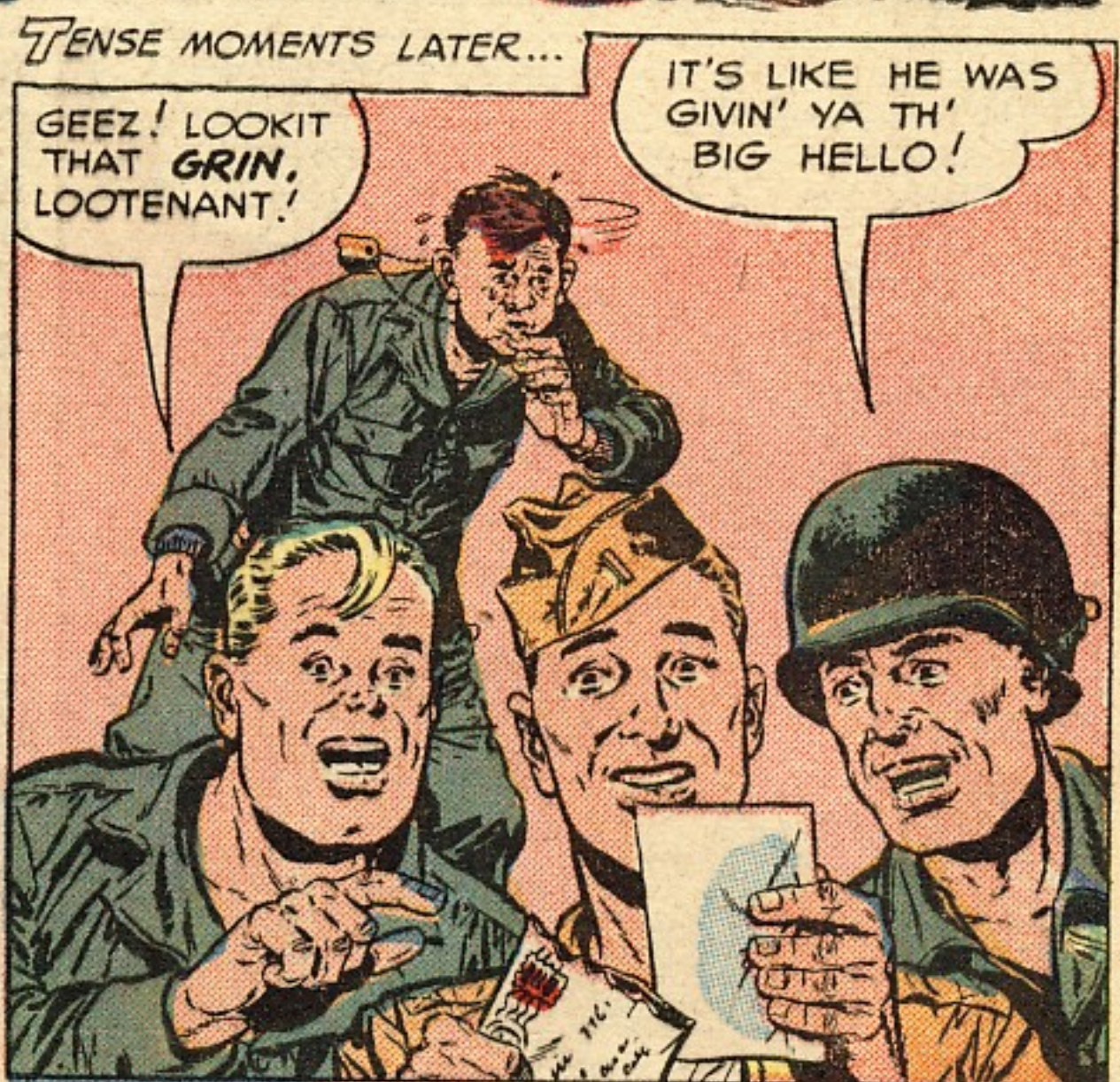
... BUT WHEN I READ THIS **LAST ONE**, THEN SARAH WILL BE **DEAD!** I - I'VE GOT TO KEEP SARAH ALIVE!

WOULD YOU OBJECT TO **MY** KNOWING WHAT THE LETTER SAYS, ELKINS?



IS THAT AN ORDER, SIR?

I WOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE IT ONE!



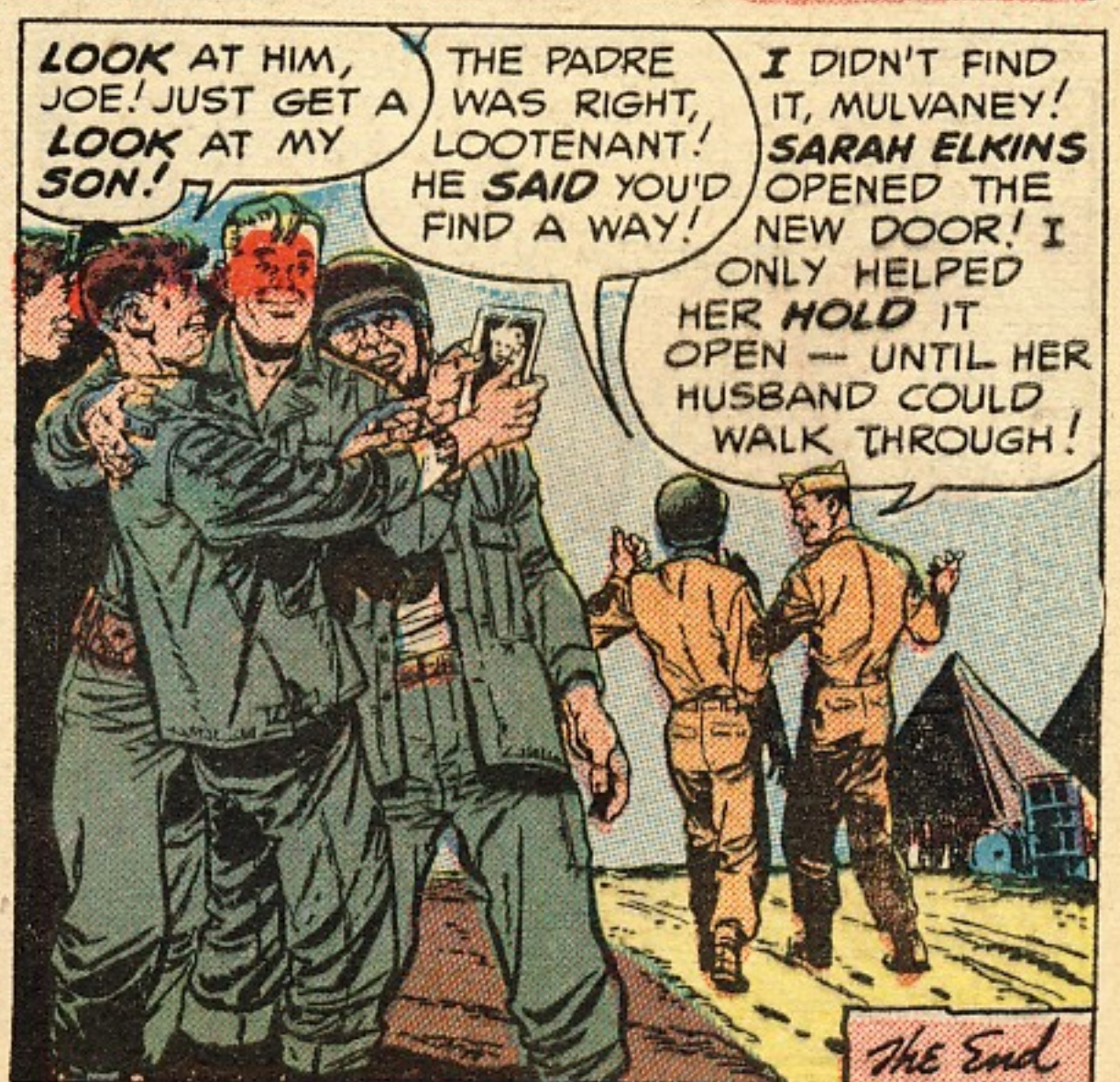
TENSE MOMENTS LATER...

GEEZ! LOOKIT THAT **GRIN**, LOOTENANT!

IT'S LIKE HE WAS GIVIN' YA TH' BIG HELLO!



THERE **ISN'T** ANY LETTER, HILLY... JUST THIS PICTURE OF YOUR BABY SON! DO YOU **SEE**, BOY? YOUR "LAST LETTER" IS **LIFE** - NOT DEATH! THAT'S THE WAY SARAH WANTED IT TO BE!



LOOK AT HIM, JOE! JUST GET A **LOOK** AT MY SON!

THE PADRE WAS RIGHT, LOOTENANT! HE **SAID** YOU'D FIND A WAY!

I DIDN'T FIND IT, MULVANEY! **SARAH ELKINS** OPENED THE NEW DOOR! I ONLY HELPED HER **HOLD** IT OPEN - UNTIL HER HUSBAND COULD WALK THROUGH!

The End



# The YARDBIRDS in OFFICER MATERIAL

SGT. GRUFF WAS A HAPPY MAN ONCE. HE SANG IN THE SHOWER, REMEMBERED TO SMILE AT RECRUITS ONCE EVERY MONTH, AND HE EVEN MANAGED TO BE NICE TO HIS CHARGES. BUT THAT IS OVER AND DONE WITH. EVER SINCE WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS JOINED HIS COMPANY, GRUFF'S ONLY OPPORTUNITY FOR HAPPINESS COMES WHEN HE CAN ASSIGN THE YARDBIRDS TO THE KITCHEN. THAT'S JUST WHAT THE VETERAN SERGEANT IS DOING NOW...

HERE'S WHERE THE KP ROSTER GETS TWO FAMILIAR NAMES-- PRIVATES WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS!



AND, AFTER GRUFF LEAVES THE COMPANY OFFICE...

HEY! WHO OPENED THE WINDOW? STOP! HALT!



I SURE HOPE I CAN SORT THESE INTO THE RIGHT BINS! I THINK THIS LIST CAME OUT OF THE OCS FILE!

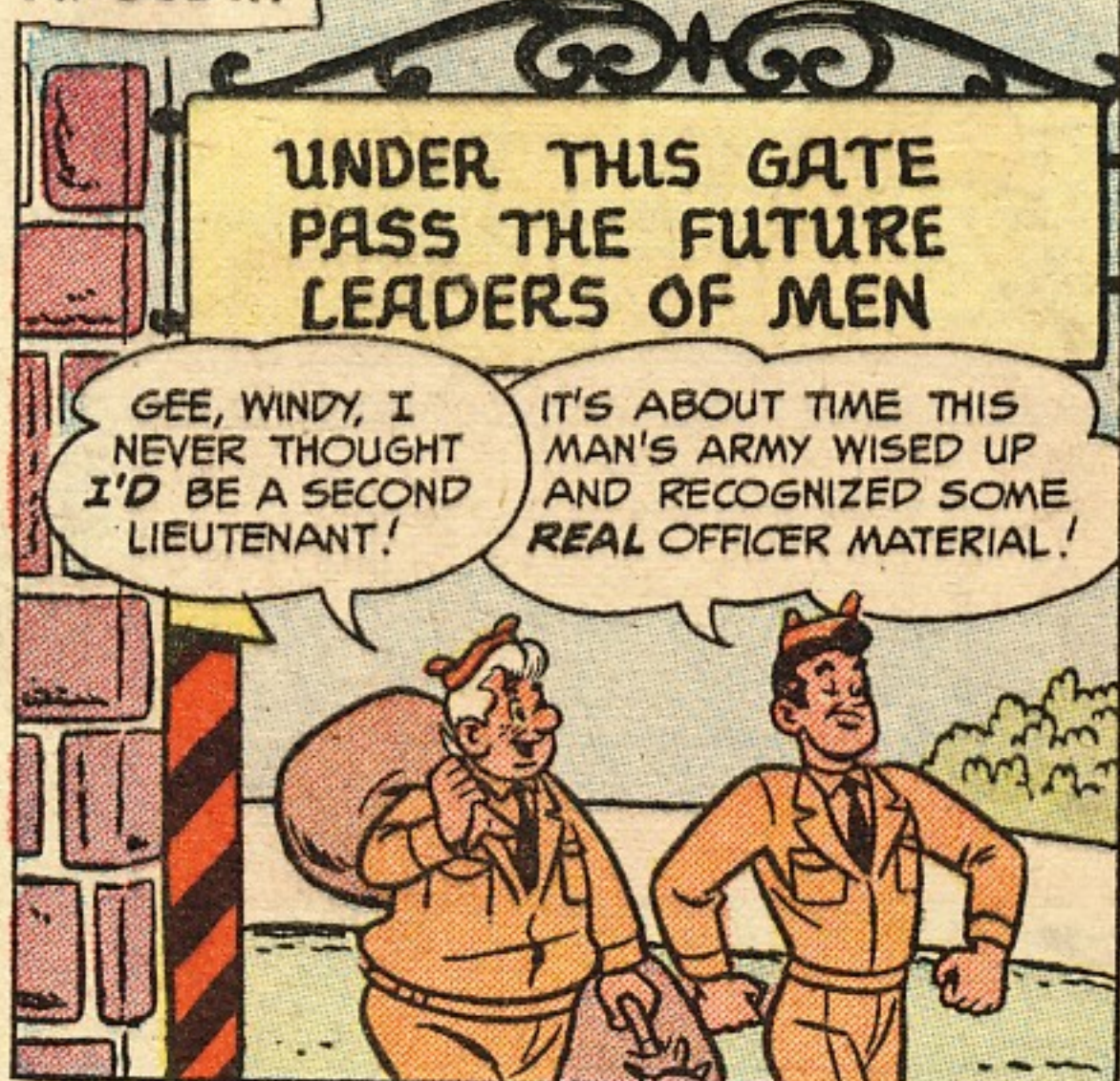




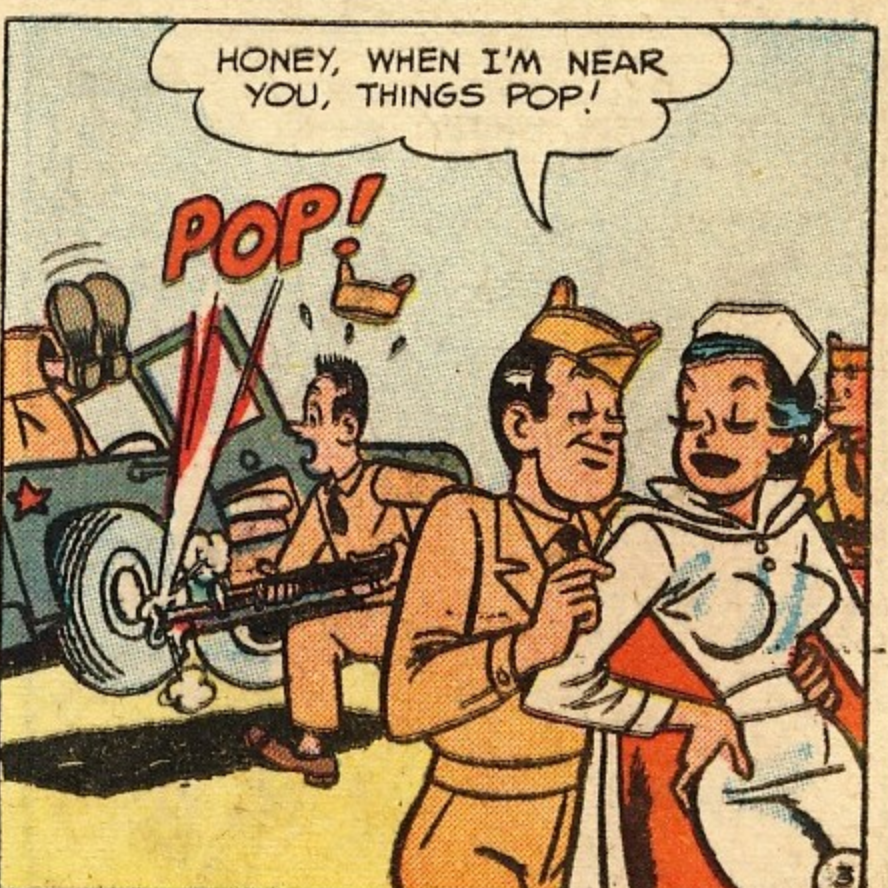
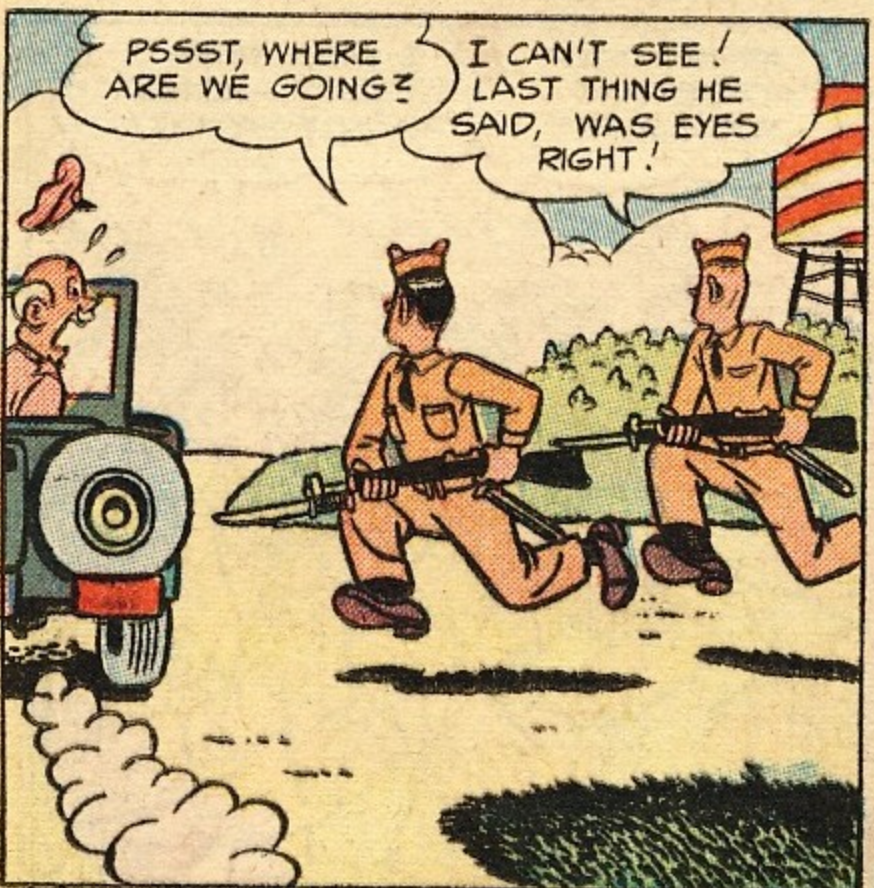
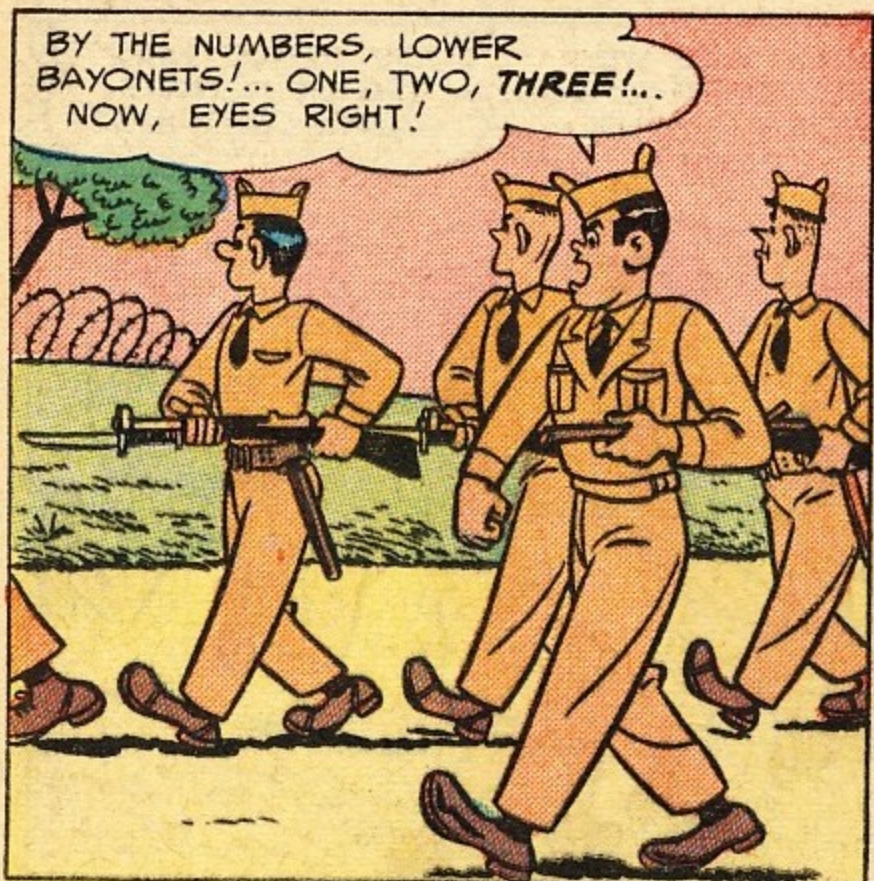
LATER, IN COLONEL FUMES' OFFICE...



AT OCS...









**S**OON...

HI, BEAUTIFUL!  
TAKING THE GIRLS  
FOR A WALK?

NO, I'M GIVING  
THEM A DRILL!  
WE'RE FROM  
THE WAC OCS!



SAY, WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON!  
LET'S GIVE OUR SQUADS ENOUGH  
ORDERS TO KEEP THEM BUSY WHILE  
WE GET ACQUAINTED!



**S**EVERAL ORDERS LATER...

WHEN I LOOK AT YOU,  
BEAUTIFUL, MY HEART  
GOES **DOUBLE TIME!**

YOU'RE TOO  
FAST FOR ME,  
SOLDIER BOY! I  
WONDER IF I  
SHOULD-- **TO THE  
REAR, MARCH!**



WHAT ARE WE  
SUPPOSED TO DO?  
WE'RE GONNA  
CRASH!

YOU HEARD WHAT  
THE LIEUTENANT  
SAID... **OBEY HIM!**



AREN'T YOU  
FORGETTING  
YOUR MEN?

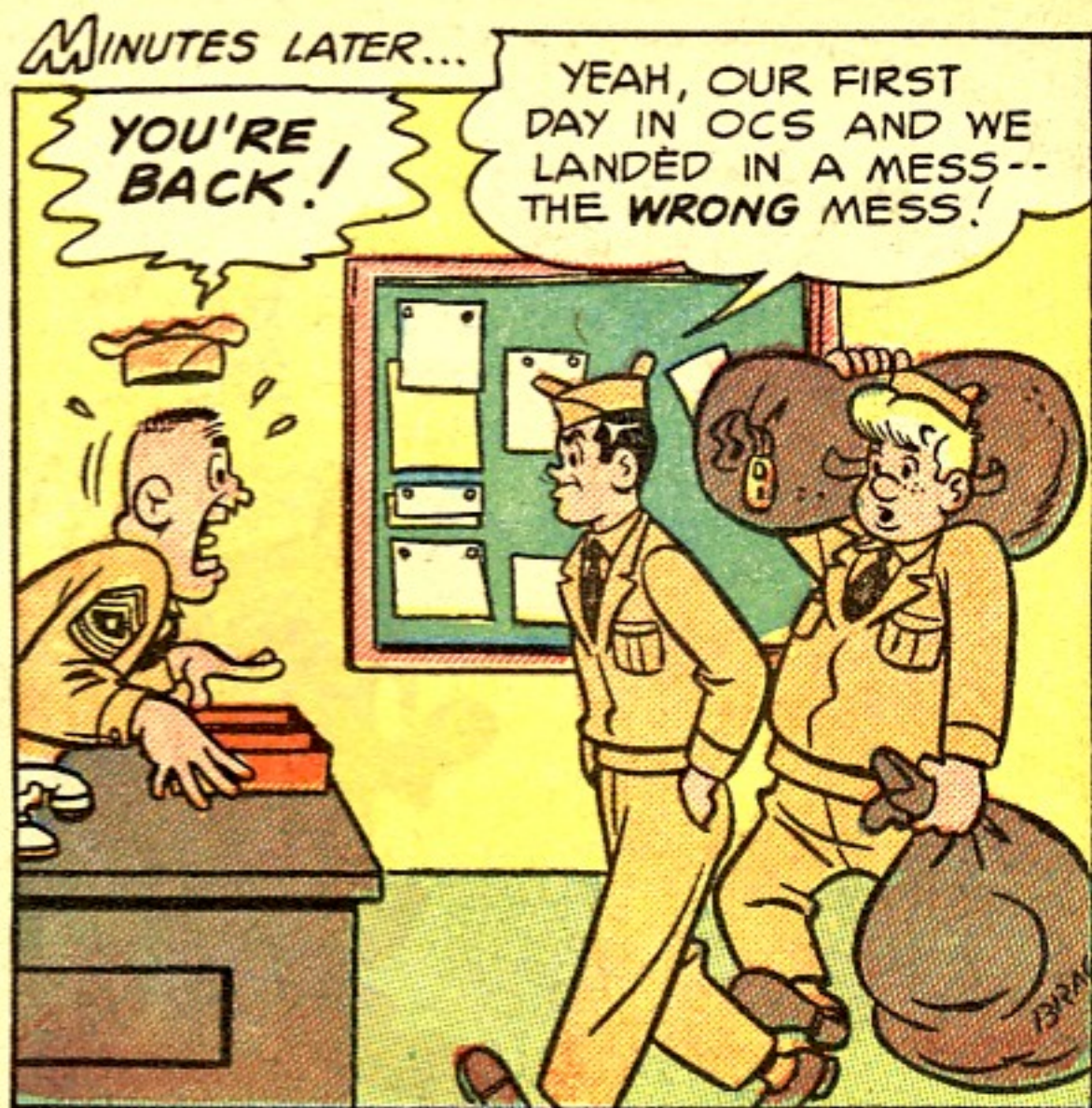
I WISH THEY  
WEREN'T AROUND  
TO BOTHER US!













**HERE'S BIG NEWS!!**

YOUR FAVORITE COMIC  
BOOK CHARACTER—

**G.I. Joe**

**IS NOW ON RADIO!**

**EVERY SUNDAY  
OVER THE NBC  
NETWORK.**

CONSULT YOUR  
LOCAL PAPER FOR  
TIME AND STATION.



# ARMY LIFE



"I DON'T GET IT, CAPTAIN! ALL HE  
SAYS IS 'TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO.'"



# DEAR GERTRUDE

Somewhere in Korea  
February 14, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Gee, honey, your last letter was swell! So chock full of news I could hardly lift it! First of all, on account of today is the date it is, I want to ask you to "be my Valentine." There aren't any store-bought ones out here to send, but you know me real good, Gertrude! I never forget, do I, babe? Will you be my Valentine, huh? I remember how you always got such a kick out of Valentine's Day. Gosh, I'll never forget the first one I ever sent you, and how you wouldn't talk to me for a week after you found out who it was from, but I was a lot younger then and didn't have as much sense as I do now. I'm sure thinking of you today, honey, and if I was there you can bet all the pennies in your piggy bank that I'd have a real fancy card for you.

You should see the one Orville Cot—my best buddy—got sent to him. A kind of awful-looking big red face and when you pull a string the tongue comes sticking right out of the mouth at you. At first, Orville didn't laugh so much when it got here a couple of days ago, but by now he has sort of got used to it. I'll even say I have grown attached to it somewhat. You see, when you get right down to it, it's on account of that Valentine that Orville and me ain't on the casualty lists right now. Yes sir, Orville really saved the day. Let me tell you about it.

Oh-oh! Chow call! Sorry, Gertrude, I'll finish this tonight. Bye-bye for a while.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Somewhere in Korea  
February 15, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Well, Baby, it's tomorrow all of a sudden, instead of last night, when I promised I'd finish your letter. But one or two things came up, which is the reason for the delay.

Right after chow, when I was practically just reaching for this pencil to make good on my word to you, we had a flash attack that kept us pretty busy right into the middle of the night. I should say right towards the end of chow instead of right after, because I had to drop everything just when I was getting around to eating my vanilla pudding with hot chili sauce. Maybe the hot chili sauce don't make sense to you, but if *you* ever tasted the vanilla pudding out here, *you'd* find something to kill the taste, too. But you know, it all sort of reminds me of the "Cocoanut Surprises" you and me used to have together down in Pop Warren's drugstore. Say, how is Pop? Does he still fix those "Surprises" the same way? With all the goo in that hole in the middle, and then the walnuts and the butterscotch put on *before* the marshmallow and the raisins? Boy, were they ever good! You tell Pop I haven't forgotten about those, and he'd sure better have the makin's ready when I get there!

Well, to get back to the small delay in finishing yesterday's letter to you, Baby. Honest, I was so sore at having to let go the vanilla pudding when the attack came, that I guess I kind of overdid things while I was fighting. I had to use my bayonet more than I really like to, and I must've twisted a muscle in my arm. Anyway, it hurt something real sharp, and Orville suggested that you'd probably understand, and when things quieted down he suggested I'd better let my writing arm rest up for overnight. You can't be too careful, you know.

So that's what I did, Gertrude, and it is just fine today, so now I can get back to telling you how it happened that Orville and me are still alive after all, on account of that comic Valentine he got from back home in Florida.

It happened like this—

Gee, I'm sure sorry, Gertrude, but the Sarge just called me for a detail. I'll finish this soon as I get done. And I can tell you that if I didn't have your letter here, I'd call that sergeant some pretty strong names. But I have respect for you, Babe—real respect.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army



Somewhere in Korea  
February 16, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Did I say in my last letter yesterday, hon, that I was called out on a detail? Well, I was wrong a little. I pulled guard. It came as a surprise (and not one of Pop Warren's either, ha, ha!) because it wasn't my time around again yet, but Orville's. Well, poor Orville—you know about how his blood is so thin he has terrible trouble keeping warm. Well, like I say, when the Sarge called him, Orville was shivering something real bad, and the Sarge took pity on him and looked around for a volunteer.

I didn't exactly volunteer, but right then I happened to hiccup and the Sarge says, "Atta boy, Cosgrove!" and before I know it, I'm out with my rifle pounding a ridge.

Naturally, you can see why I had to put off 'til today telling you about Orville's comic Valentine.

I know how you think sometimes I put things off, Gertrude, without maybe having too much of a reason. I sure do remember the way you stuck up for me when your Ma told me once I'd forget my head if it wasn't tacked on. She was laughing when she said it, but you took it real serious and that meant a lot to me, and made me know you was *my* girl. Them were the days, huh, Kid?

Well, to get back to Orville's Valentine, you remember I told you it was a terrible looking face, and when you yanked a string the tongue came out at you? Well, it was a long time, naturally, before Orville could bring himself to show it to me. He's terrible sensitive about some things, but on account of him and me are best buddies, he finally got around to showing it to me. We were on patrol, the two of us, and had dropped down behind some rocks to take five. Well, at first, when I saw the Valentine, I wanted to laugh. The tongue came out maybe three or four inches, and the ears wiggled, too. But then I remembered about Orville being so sensitive and I tried not to laugh, although a little snicker may have sneaked out. So I didn't laugh, and I could tell by the way Orville bit his lip and gripped my shoulder hard, that he was sensitive and I was sure glad I didn't laugh—out loud, that is.

Right then, just as Orville was about to put this comic face away, all of a sudden a bullet pinged off the rock behind us. This was followed by some more—a lot more. It didn't take Orville and me long to find out that we were spotted and were now pinned down. We proved this to ourselves

because I stuck my helmet up on my bayonet from behind the rock, and now it's got a new dent.

Naturally, you can understand there was nothing to do except stay where we were. After a while, one Commie tried to come in for us in a rush, but I took care of him.

This sort of discouraged them a little, and they quit shooting for a while, but both Orville and I knew they were still there. It was *too* quiet. We waited some more, and things didn't look too good on account of now it was getting dark.

Well, as soon as it was pitch black they made it plain what they had up their sleeve. Me and Orville heard that funny kind of whine it's got, and we knew even before it happened that a flare was coming our way. We were right. It landed maybe a couple of yards away, and there we were by our rock, all lit up like Main Street on Saturday night. We heard some Commies running towards us on the other side of the glare, and I guess we both figured to get picked off before we could even see where to start shooting.

But, all of a sudden, we heard a crazy sort of scream. That's the only word for it, Gertrude, honest! A regular scream. Then the running stopped, turned around and went back even faster than it came in. It didn't stop this time, either, but just died away in the distance. Orville and me looked at each other, and then we took a careful peek around the rock. Right then it was clear what happened. Orville had forgot to put his comic Valentine away. He must've dropped it when that first bullet pinned us down, because there it was on the ground, all lit up in the flare and looking like a cut-off head, tongue sticking out and everything. The Commies must've got one look at it and figured they'd done a better job than they thought.

Well, believe me, Gertrude, Orville isn't so sensitive any more, and after he's finished showing it around, he's promised I can send it to you. Remember it's nothing personal, hon. I just want you to have it so we can laugh about it when I get home.

Goodby for a while, honeybunch. I miss you loads.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever-lovin' husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.



# G.I. Joe in

## BLUE PLATE KNOCK-OUT

THERE'S A LOT OF TRUTH IN THE OLD SAYING THAT AN ARMY TRAVELS ON ITS STOMACH. JUST AS IMPORTANT AS THE SOLDIER WHO FIRES AT THE ENEMY IS THE SOLDIER WHO FIRES A STOVE TO GIVE THE MEN THE FOOD THEY NEED. BUT ON THIS OCCASION, THE EFFORTS OF "BAKER" COMPANY'S PRIZE MESS SERGEANT, FRANCOIS DE LA SALLE -- BETTER KNOWN AS "FRANKIE OF THE PUMP" -- HAD A STRANGE RESULT...





TWO DAYS PASS, AND THE LITTLE GROUP IS STILL AWAITING RESCUE...



AH, NOZZING BUT BEANS LEFT FOR THE CHOW, DOGGIES! ZE MESS, SHE IS A MESS. I AM DISGRACE!

DON'T FEEL BAD, FRANKIE, IT AIN'T YOUR FAULT!



I WEEL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, MY BODDIES! WHEN WE GET BACK THERE WEEL BE ZE FILET MIGNON, ZE RUSTED BIFF, ZE STRAWBERRY SHORT-COOKIE WIZ BEAT UP CREAM...



KNOCK IT OFF, FRANKIE! DON'TCHA KNOW THAT TALK IS DANGEROUS?

THE SARGE IS RIGHT FOR ONCE, FRANKIE! C'MON, GUYS, LET'S EAT!



AH, MY HEART, SHE IS HEAVY...

LOOK, FRANKIE, THERE'S SOME DESERTED FARMS AROUND HERE! WHY DON'TCHA GO AND SEE IF YA CAN FIND SOMETHIN' FOR CHOW?

YEAH, IF YOU'RE SUCH A HOT COOK, YA OUGHTA BE ABLE TO GET UP A SWELL FEED!

I'LL BET YA MY MONTH'S PAY YA CAN'T DO IT!



NEVAIR HAS FRANCOIS BEEN SO MUCH INSULT! I WEEL SHOW YOU, MULVANEY, YOU HEAD OF CHOWDER!

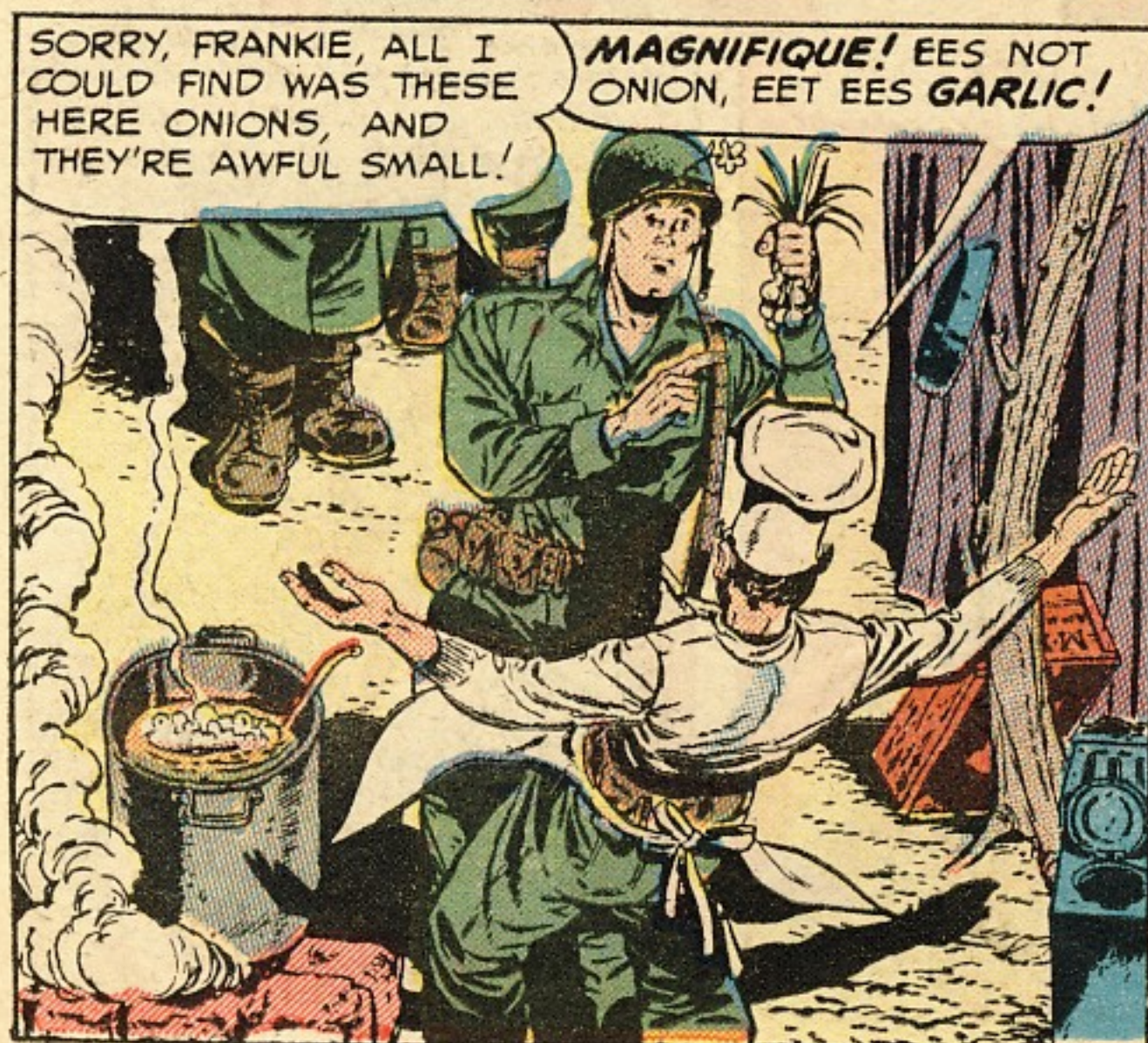
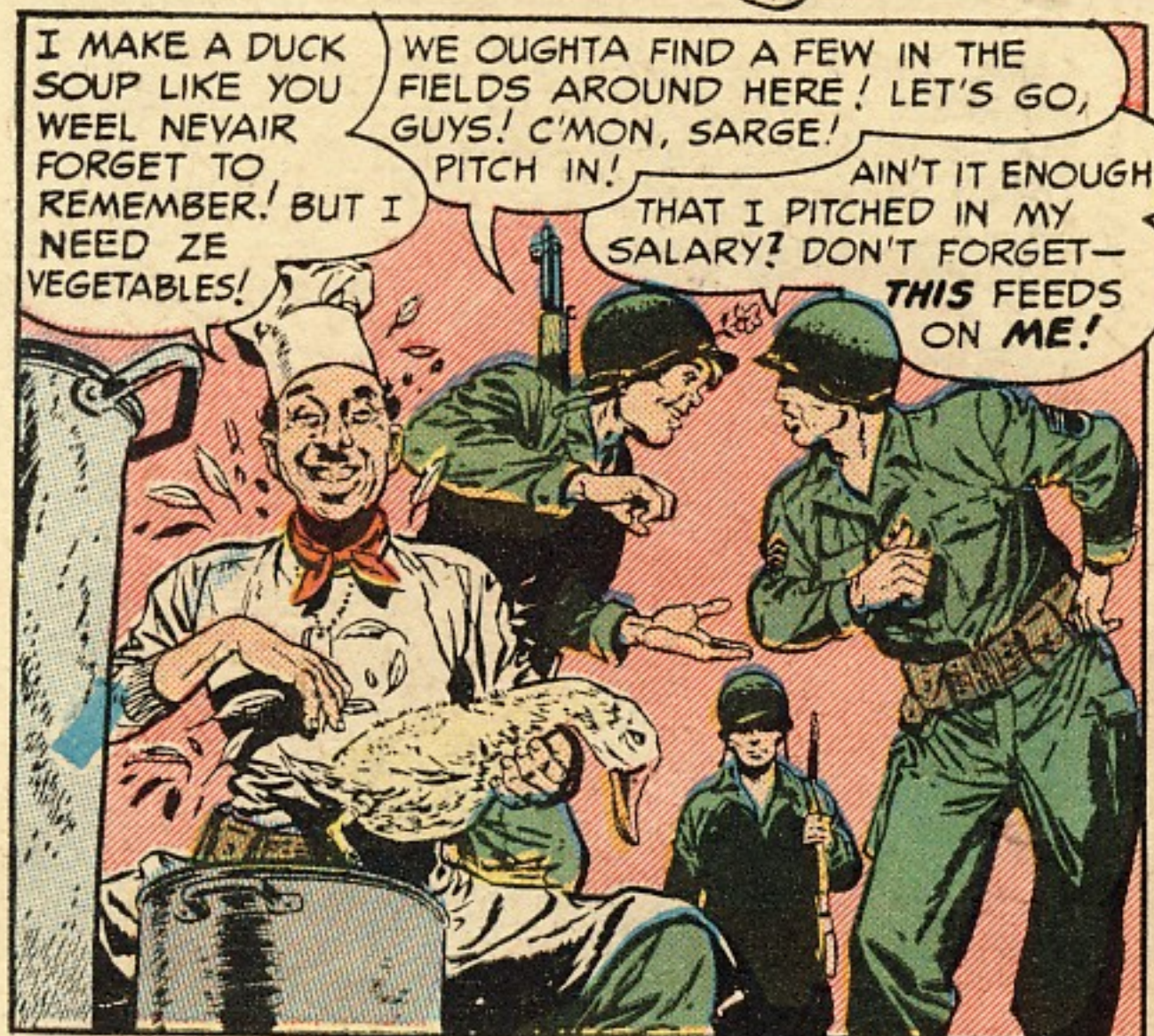


EET ONLY I HAD SOME RED MEAT...



YIII-II! THEE EES NOT WHAT I MEAN! BUT LOOK IN HIS HAND... AHA!









MM-M-M...YA GOTTA ADMIT THAT'S A BEE-YOU-TI-FUL SMELL, ARGE!

I JUST HOPE WE GET TO EAT IT, KID! I'M THINKIN' BUSTER OVER THERE HAS SOME PALS AROUND HERE!



BOOM!  
BOOM!

WHAT'D I TELL YA?...  
GET BEHIND THAT HILL, GUYS! ON THE DOUBLE! WE GOTTA HOLD 'EM!

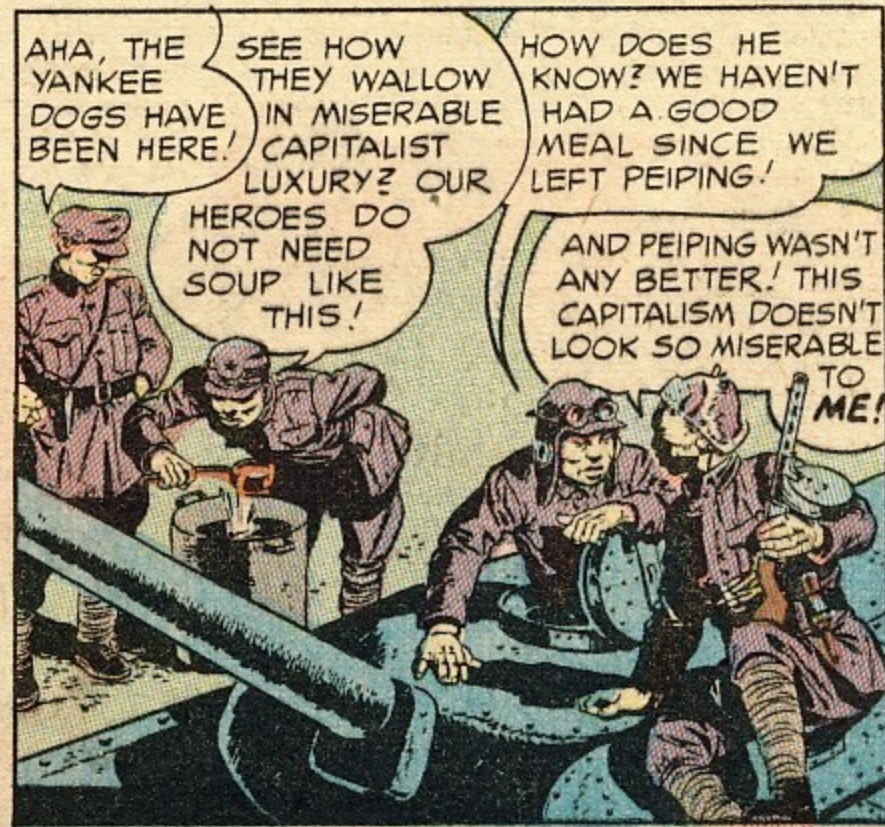


MULVANEY! WHAT YOU DO WITH MY SOUP? GET AWAY WHILE I WRAP EET UP TO TAKE WEETH ME!

LISTEN, FRANKIE—YOU AIN'T IN YOUR MESS HALL NOW! THIS HERE'S THE BATTLEFIELD AN' I'M IN CHARGE! SO DROP THAT BLANKET AND GET MOVIN'... FAST!

BOOM!  
BOOM!

SOON AFTER THE G.I.'S FLEE, THE REDS ARRIVE...



AHA, THE YANKEE DOGS HAVE BEEN HERE!

SEE HOW THEY WALLOW IN MISERABLE CAPITALIST LUXURY? OUR HEROES DO NOT NEED SOUP LIKE THIS!

HOW DOES HE KNOW? WE HAVEN'T HAD A GOOD MEAL SINCE WE LEFT PEIPING!

AND PEIPING WASN'T ANY BETTER! THIS CAPITALISM DOESN'T LOOK SO MISERABLE TO ME!



COMRADE, IS NO HURRY TO PURSUE THE IMPERIALIST MONSTERS! THEY ARE FEW, AND THEY ARE TRAPPED!

AND IS RIGHT WE SHOULD DESTROY THIS CAPITALIST PROPERTY! LET US EAT!



GULP! GURGLE!  
GLUG!



'OW COULD YOU DO THEES TO ME, MULVANEY? I AM RUIN!

YEAH, SARGE—WHY'D YA DO A DOPEY THING LIKE THAT?

KEEP YER SHIRTS ON, LAMEBRAINS! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'!





YOW! THE WHOLE COMP'NY'S COMIN'!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, GUYS!

YOU OUTA YOUR MIND, SARGE? WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!



HEY, SOMETHIN'S SCREWY! THEY'RE FALLIN'— BUT WE AIN'T FIRED A SHOT! MAYBE IT'S A TRICK!

NAW, THEM GUYS IS OUT COLD!

HEY, LOOK! HERE COME OUR GUYS!



WHADDYA KNOW... FRANKIE'S SOUP MUSTA DONE IT! HA! HA! HA!

GREAT WORK, SERGEANT! BUT HOW IN THE WORLD...?

WELL... ER... THEY AIN'T EXACTLY DEAD, SIR! YA SEE, I POURED ALL THE DOPE FROM THE MEDICAL KIT IN THE SOUP!



I'M SORRY, FRANKIE! BUT YOU WIN THE BET!

I WEEEL NOT TAKE IT! YOU RUIN MY GREATEST MASTERPIECE, AN' THEN MAKE ME A LAUGHING-STICK! I COULD 'AVE BEAT THOSE REDS IF YOU LET ME!

LATER, BACK AT THE BASE...



WHAT EES THEES? I DO NOT ORDER EXTRA FOOD!

COMPLIMENTS OF SERGEANT MULVANEY! TODAY WAS PAY DAY AN' HE BLEW IT ON A FEED FOR THE GANG! HE WANTS YOU TO COOK IT FOR US!



C'MON, SARGE... DIG IN! THE CHOW'S SWELL!

I CAN'T, JOE! EVERY TIME I LOOK AT MY PLATE I THINK OF THE GOOD TIMES MY DOUGH COULD'VE BROUGHT ME ON FURLOUGH!

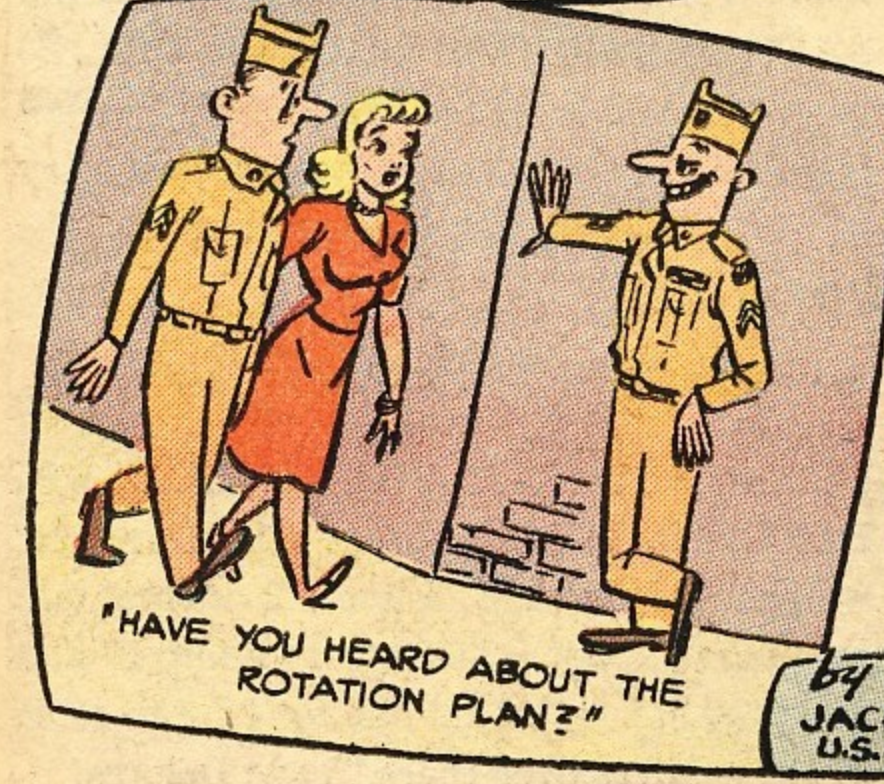
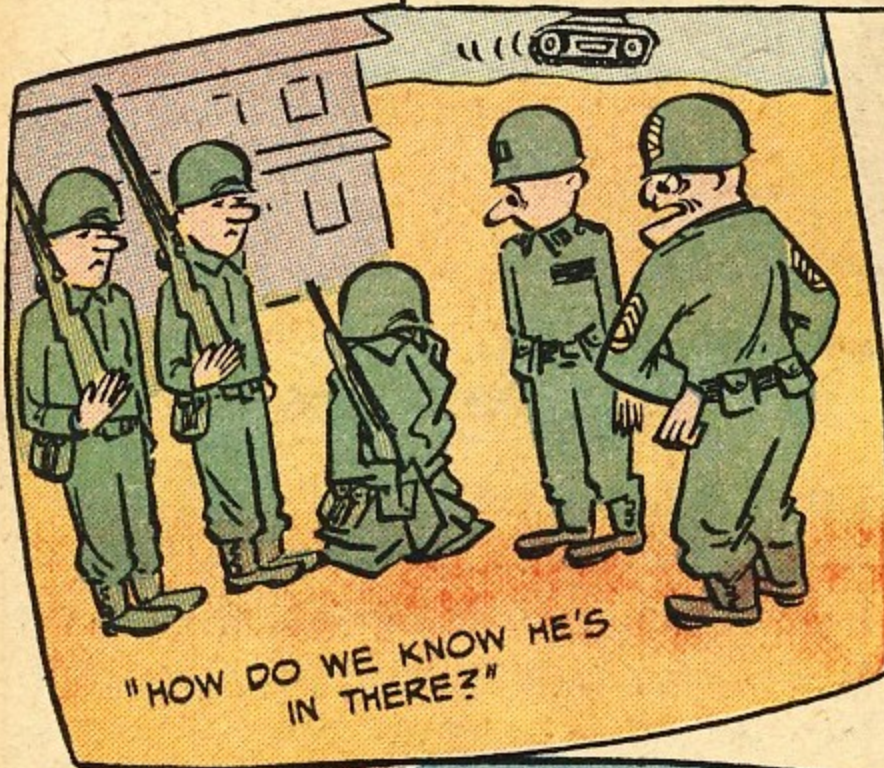


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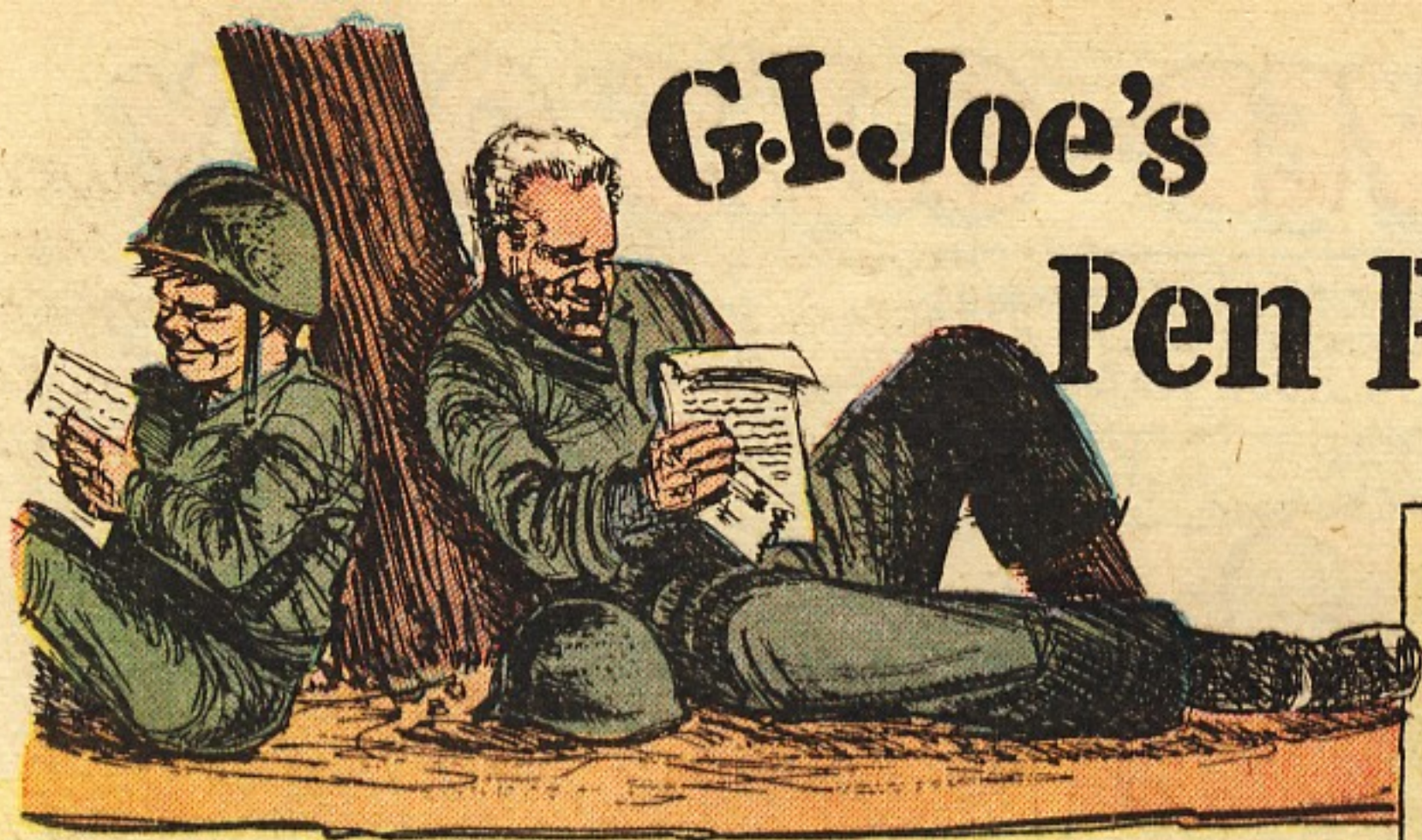


# RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY

"RESERVED-G.I.'S ONLY," THE WORLD  
AS THE SERVICEMAN SEES IT. A  
SPECIAL G.I. JOE FEATURE.







# G.I. Joe's Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S IN KOREA WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS **YOUR** PAGE. EVERY MONTH, LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN **G.I. JOE** ON THIS, OUR "PEN PALS" PAGE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

**DORA SCHEIMER, 137 WOODSTOCK RD., OXFORD, ENGLAND . . .** "I was born in Berlin, and stayed there until 1949 when I moved to England. I can understand how a soldier feels at 'Mail Call.' That is why I would like to write to some soldiers."

★ ★ ★

**EILEEN OICKLE, MILTON, QUEENS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA . . .** 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. Favorite hobbies: Skating, swimming, house-work and writing letters. Eileen writes: "I hope I hear from some of those wonderful guys . . ."

★ ★ ★

**JOAN BRADLEY, GREEN ST., RICHMOND, OHIO . . .** blonde hair, blue eyes, weighs 120 pounds, 5 feet, 4 inches tall. "I would like to write to the boys in service in my spare time." Joan says, "I don't care how many write (to me), I'll write to every one of them."

★ ★ ★

**NELLIE THOMPSON, PENCE SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA . . .** 16 years old, 110 pounds, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. "I'm a plain country girl who lives on a small farm here in West Virginia," writes Nellie. ". . . you fellows who like to receive letters at 'Mail Call' drop me a line . . ."

**LEILA J. LAURITSEN, 1601 SO. 5TH ST., HARLAN, IOWA . . .** 18 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, brown hair, brown eyes. Hobbies: Music, letter-writing, dancing, roller skating. Has a number of pen-pals . . . loves to write and receive letters. Leila (pronounced Lela) teaches the accordion.

★ ★ ★

**MARY BAKER, BOX 111, CHENANGO BRIDGE, N. Y. . . .** 17 years old, weight 117 pounds, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, brunette hair, brown eyes. "I'll be glad to do my best to write to some of the fellows . . ."

★ ★ ★

**KAY PENNOCK, R. R. 1, QUALICUM BEACH, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B. C. . . .** 20 years old, weighs 112 pounds, 5 feet, 3 inches tall . . . brown hair and brown eyes. Kay writes: "I would like to hear from . . . the boys . . ."

★ ★ ★

**DELORES MacFARLAND, 617 LAKE ST., BARABOO, WISCONSIN . . .** 17 years old, weighs 112 pounds, 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Hobbies: Roller skating, swimming and dancing. "I sure would like to write to some of the soldiers over there," says Delores.



**GLORIA SAN ROMAN, 445-2ND AVE., RATON, NEW MEXICO . . .** age 27, weight 115 pounds, height 5 feet, 5 inches, brown hair, green eyes. Gloria writes: ". . . this is a hobby of mine, to write to servicemen . . ."

★ ★ ★

**CARLENE KERSEY, P. O. BOX 102, SHILOH, FLORIDA . . .** 16 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, blonde hair, blue eyes. Plays piano . . . wants to write to servicemen.

★ ★ ★

**JANICE HARTMAN, 543 HIGH ST., FLEMINGTON, LOCK HAVEN, PA. . . .** 16 years old, blonde hair, blue eyes. "I think that you G. I.'s deserve the best, and I'm sure everybody else thinks the same . . . at home (we) really appreciate what you G. I.'s are doing."

★ ★ ★

**GAY THARPE, MIDLAND, VA. . . .** brown hair, blue eyes . . . weighs 119 pounds, 5 feet, 4 inches tall. Hobbies: Dancing, baseball, and horse-back riding. Plans to major in music in college when she graduates from high school. Gay would like to write to some G. I.'s overseas.

**ELIZABETH ANN DEGROOD, ROSEMARY DEGROOD, JOSEPHINE DEGROOD, 7467 ASBURY PARK, DETROIT 28, MICHIGAN . . .** Elizabeth, 18 years old, Rosemary, 21 years old and Josephine, 24. They would all like to write to G. I.'s overseas.

★ ★ ★

**HELAINÉ HORN, 2418 NORTH PATTON ST., PHILADELPHIA 32, PA. . . .** 16 years old. "I would like to write to someone in the Armed Forces."

★ ★ ★

**BETTY LOU BAIRD, GENERAL DELIVERY, LABELLE, FLORIDA . . .** 16 years old. Betty wants to do her best to help cheer up some G. I.

★ ★ ★

**MARGARET WORTHINGTON, 93 HAROLD PLACE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA . . .** 16 years of age. Margaret wants to write to G. I.'s. She says: ". . . 'I guess you people are very lonely out there in Korea . . .'"

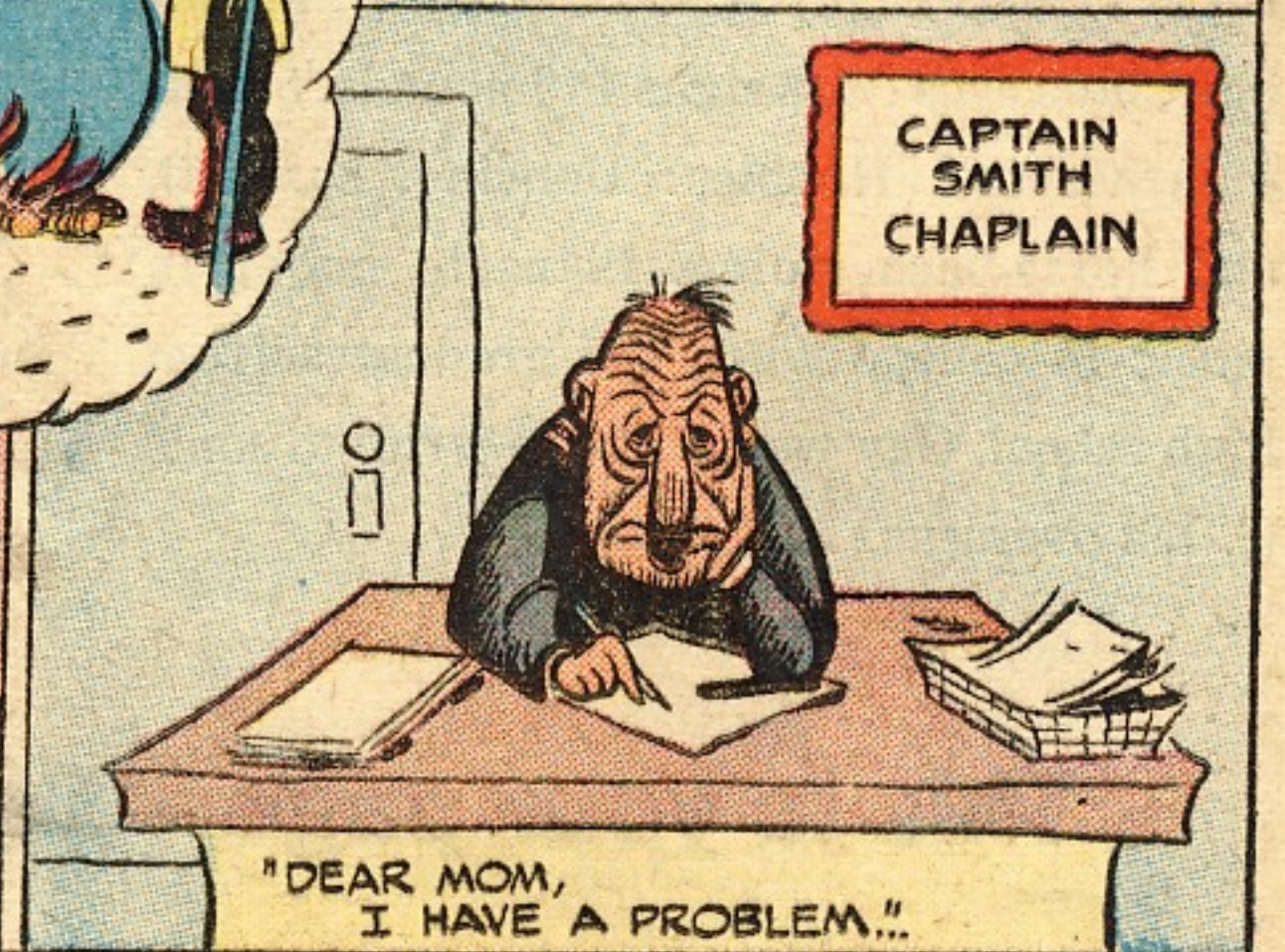
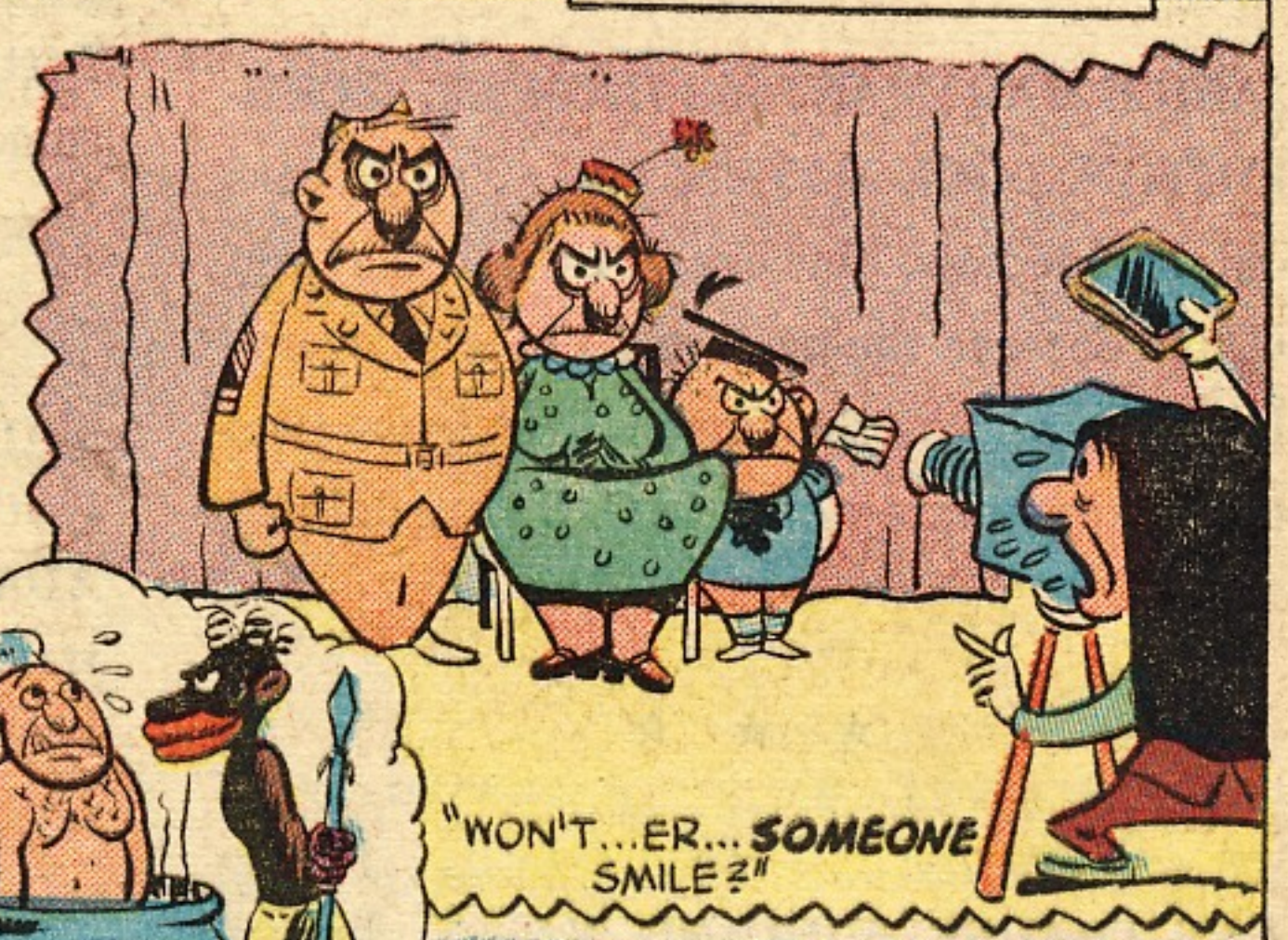
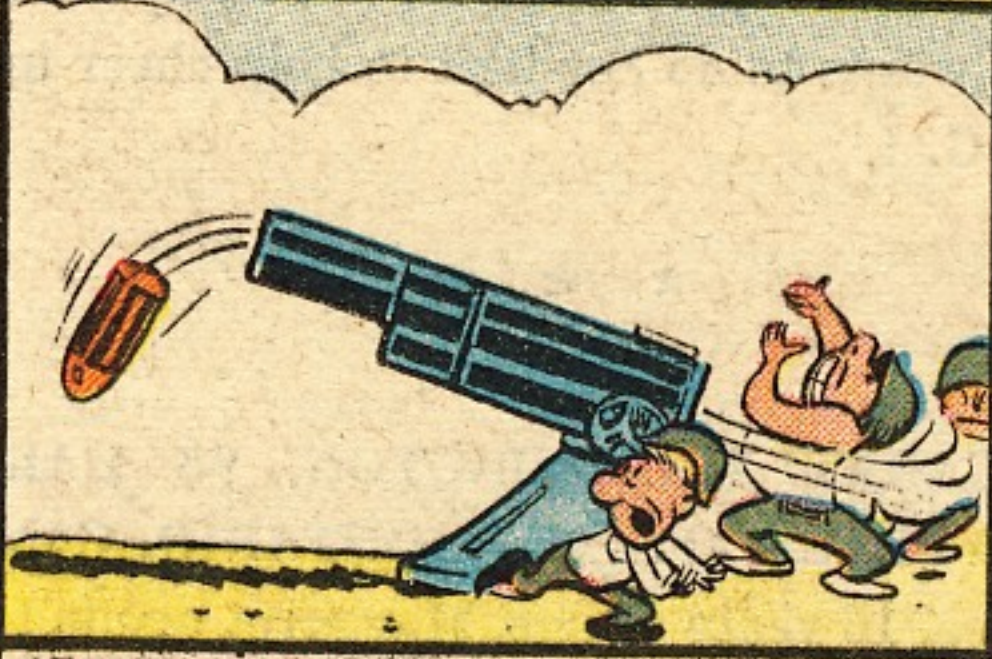
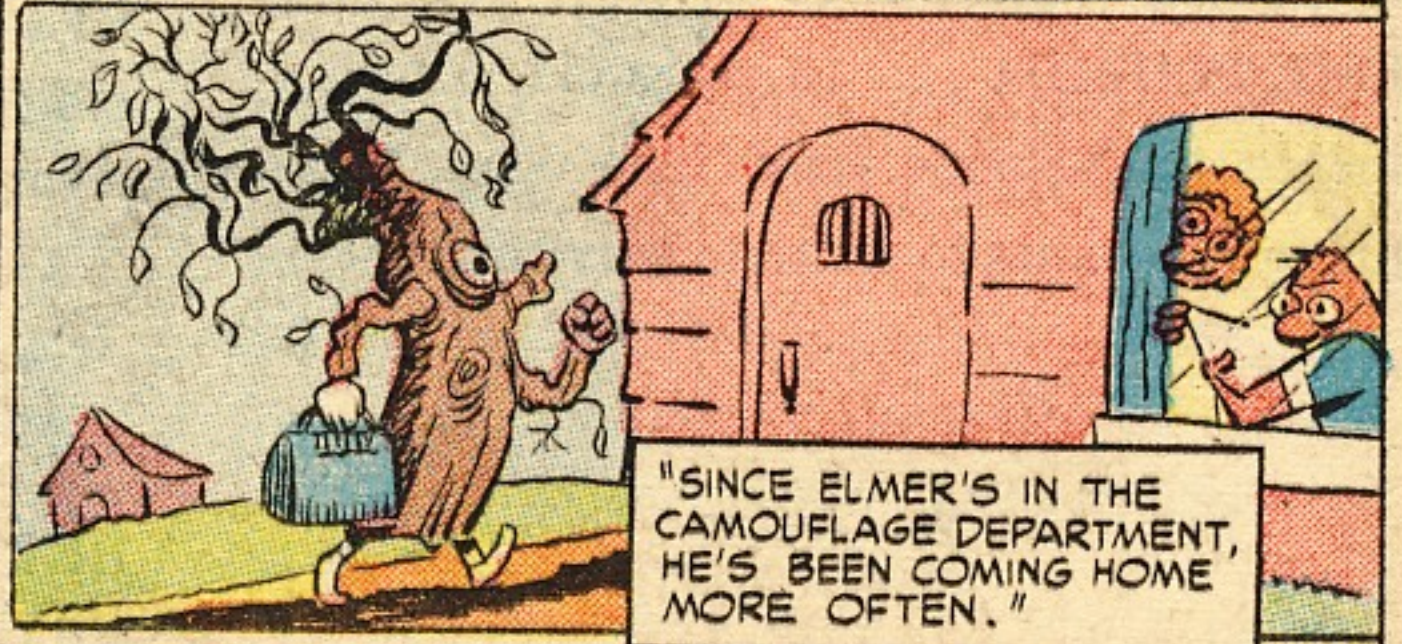
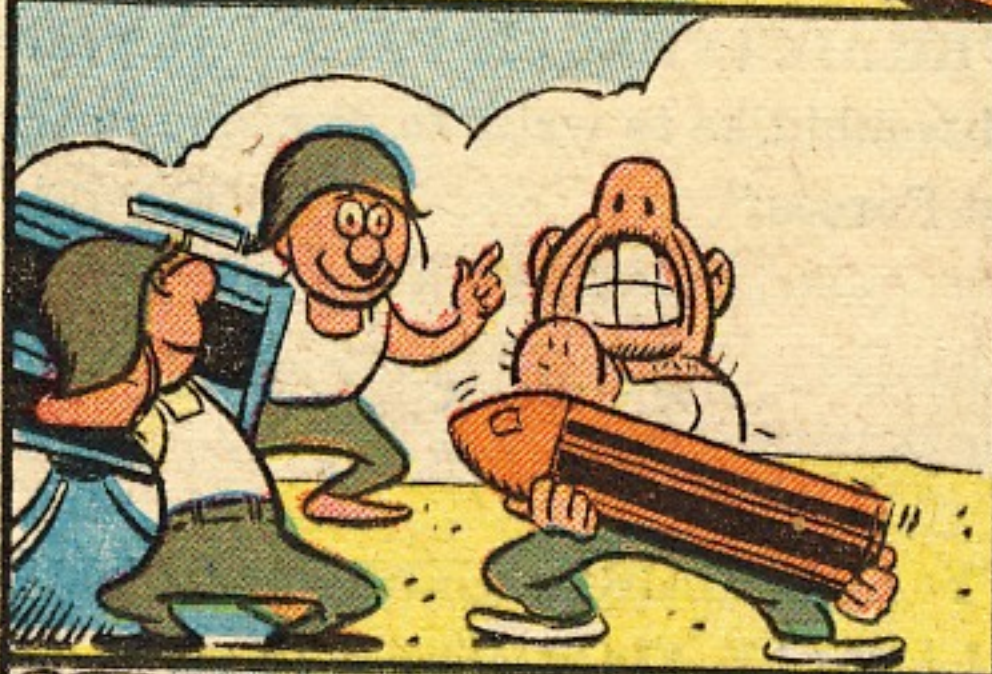
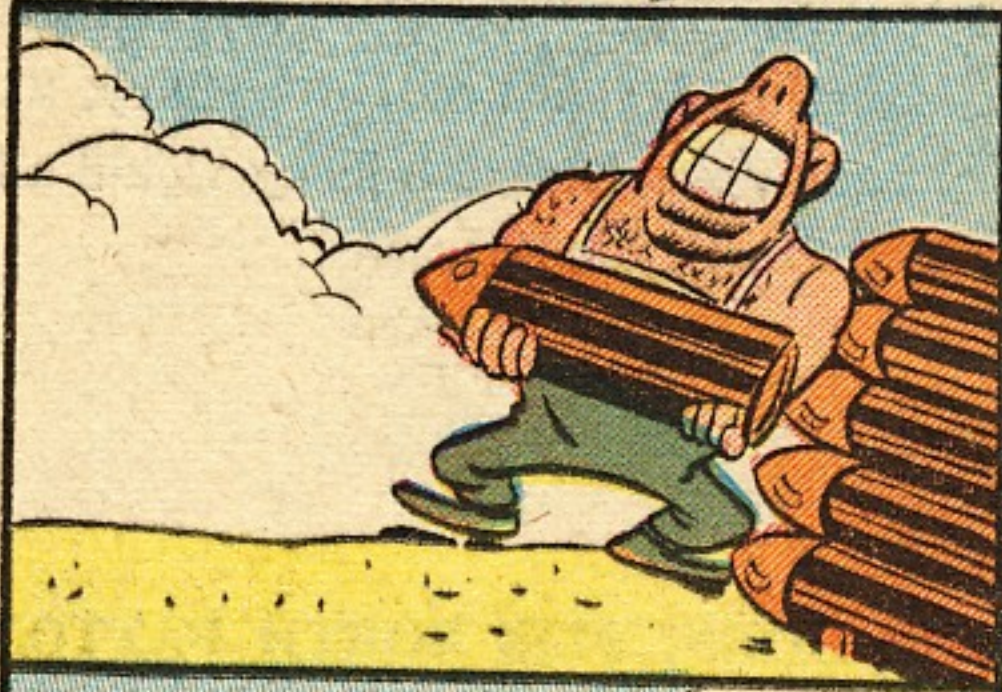
★ ★ ★

**MARIE HAMMER, 1305-10TH STREET, LA GRANDE, OREGON . . .** 16 years of age, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5 feet, 5 inches tall. "I know the boys overseas want mail," Marie writes, "I'd like very much to correspond with them . . ."

**This is your page – Send us your letters**



# G.I. JOKES



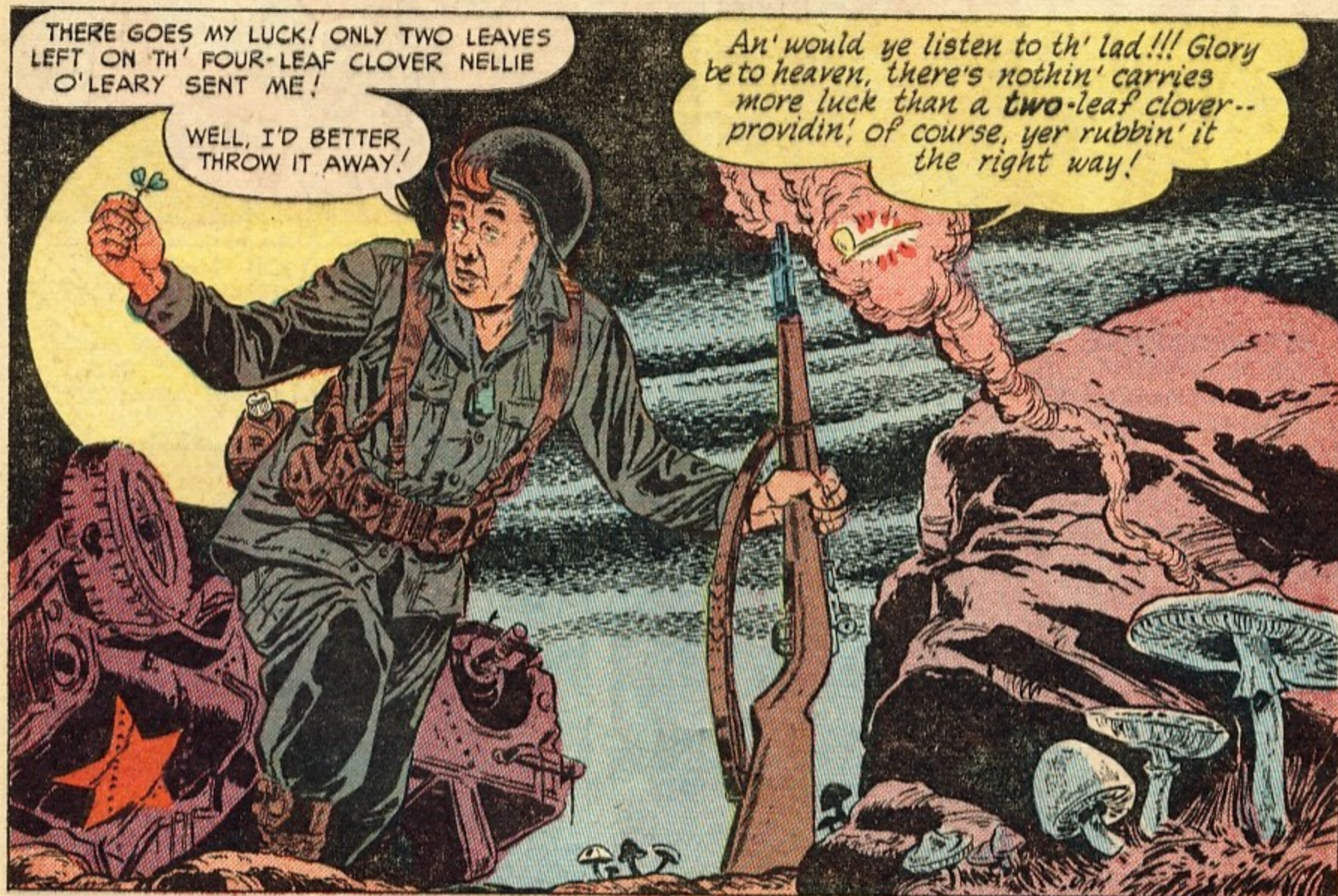


# G.I. Joe

in

## The TWO-LEAF CLOVER

SOME CLAIM IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED! OTHERS — WELL, THEY WERE A BIT SKEPTICAL, ESPECIALLY SERGEANT MULVANEY. BUT WHO REALLY KNOWS WHETHER IT WAS A WHIM OF FATE OR A PRANK OF FANCY? IT ALL STARTED THE NIGHT PRIVATE RONNIE MULDOON WAS ON GUARD DUTY...







I'M SEEIN' THINGS! IT MUST BE **BATTLE FATIGUE!**

Sure, an' to look at ye, one'd think ye'd never seen the likes of a leprechaun before! For shame! An' you with yer Irish upbringing!



LEPRECHAUN? AUNT KATHY MULDOON USED TO TALK OF SUCH THINGS, BUT...

Mistreatin' a two-leaf clover riles me, Muldoon—but I'll be overlookin' yer actions seein' as yer a fightin' man! -- Now, fer a warnin'! Early in the mornin' them devil Commies are goin' to strike! Be ready for 'em, lad! They'll be comin' full force!



BUT HOW DO YA KNOW **THAT!**

**HEY!** WHERE'D YA GO? **MULVANEY!** **TIMMY MULVANEY!** DON'T GO!

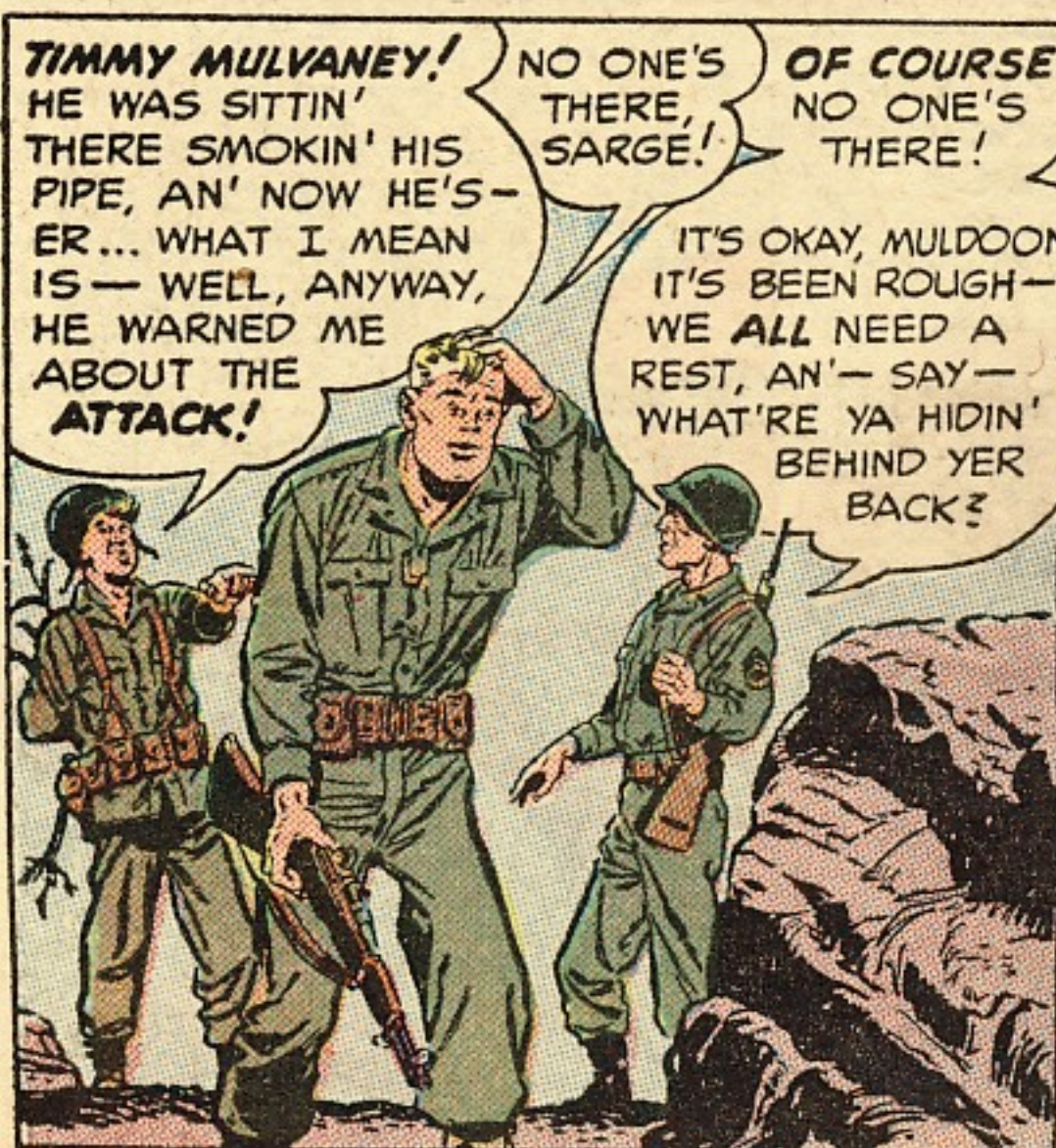
I HEAR YA, MULDOON! KEEP IT DOWN! YA WANT TH' COMMIES JUMPIN' US?

WHAT'S UP, MULDOON?



I WAS LOOKIN' FOR **TIMMY MULVANEY**, SARGE... ER, THAT IS... ER... THERE'S GOIN' TO BE AN ATTACK IN THE MORNIN'! **MULVANEY SAID SO!**

YOU BLOWIN' YER STACK, MULDOON? **I'M TH' ONLY MULVANEY IN BAKER!** AN' WHAT'S THIS ABOUT AN ATTACK? WHO YA BEEN TALKIN' TO?



**TIMMY MULVANEY!** HE WAS SITTIN' THERE SMOKIN' HIS PIPE, AN' NOW HE'S—ER... WHAT I MEAN IS—WELL, ANYWAY, HE WARNED ME ABOUT THE **ATTACK!**

NO ONE'S THERE, SARGE!

**OF COURSE** NO ONE'S THERE!

IT'S OKAY, MULDOON! IT'S BEEN ROUGH—WE **ALL** NEED A REST, AN'—SAY—WHAT'RE YA HIDIN' BEHIND YER BACK?

N-NOTHIN', SARGE! J-JUST AN OLD... ER... **CORNSTALK!**

**CORNSTALK?** WHERE'S YER **RIFLE?** YER **SUPPOSED** TO BE ON GUARD DUTY!

WELL, Y'SEE, SARGE, IT'S -- **HOLY MIKE!** I—I—

LOOK, MULDOON, IF IT'S **GAGS** YA WANT YER GONNA FIND YERSELF LAUGHIN' ON A WEEK'S KP! NOW, **COVER YER POST!**



THERE'S SOMETHIN' **MIGHTY STRANGE** GOIN' ON -- **MIGHTY STRANGE!**

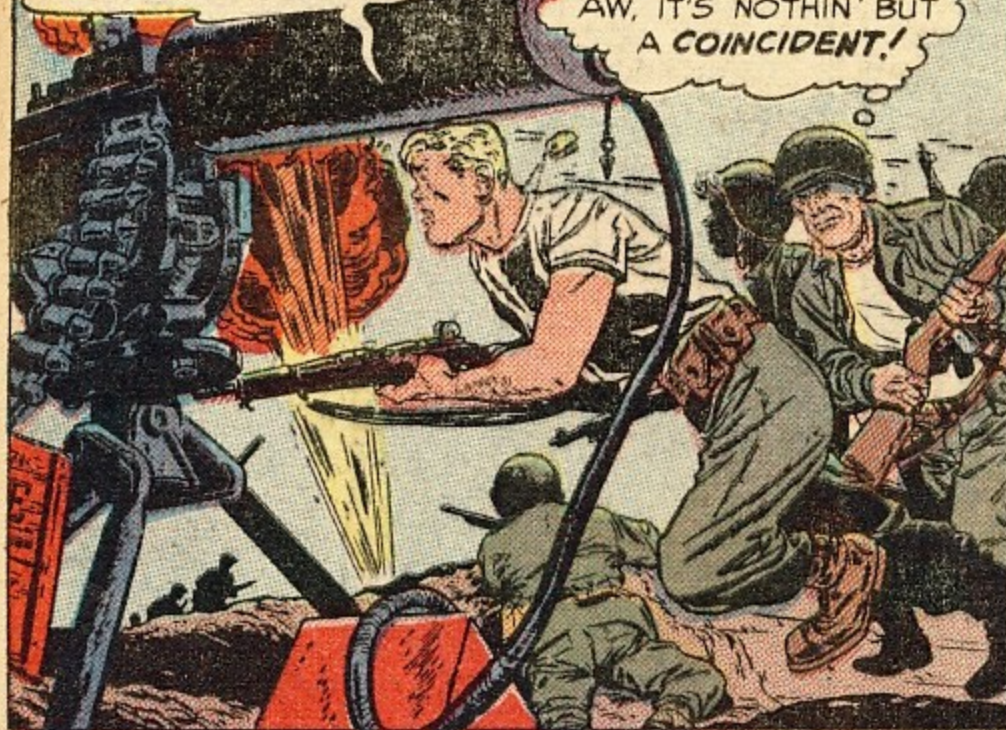


EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

RED MORTAR ON  
TH' LEFT FLANK!

MULDOON SAID THERE  
WAS GONNA BE AN ATTACK!

AW, IT'S NOTHIN' BUT  
A COINCIDENT!



BLOODY HOURS LATER...

Wake up, Ronnie  
Muldoon! Yer  
sleepin yer life  
away!



HUH...? — OH, GO AWAY! THE OTHER  
MULVANEY THINKS I'VE BLOWN MY  
TOP! HE'S SORE ABOUT THE RED  
ATTACK THIS MORNIN'! AN' IT'S ALL  
YOUR FAULT!



I gave ye fair warnin', Muldoon... but you an'  
that potato-head Sergeant, who's a dese-  
cration to the name of Mulvaney, wouldn't  
listen!

NOW LOOK, MULVANEY, I DID  
TELL HIM! AND IF YOU...



UP TO YER OLD TRICKS  
AGAIN, EH, MULDOON?  
WELL, WE'LL SEE HOW  
A WEEK ON --

BUT, SARGE! LOOK!  
THAT'S TIMMY  
MULVANEY! RIGHT  
THERE!



TAKE IT EASY,  
MULDOON! IT'S  
ALL RIGHT, BOY!  
WE'LL HELP YA!  
THAT'S YER HELMET  
YER LOOKIN' AT!

Tch! Tch! Too bad! Eyes  
as full of fog as his  
skull! But you'd best  
be warnin' him, Ronnie  
me lad — he's in for  
some trouble! I happen  
to know that...







...tomorrow the Sergeant's goin' on a sortie! An' a mighty dangerous one it'll be, ye can be sure o' that!

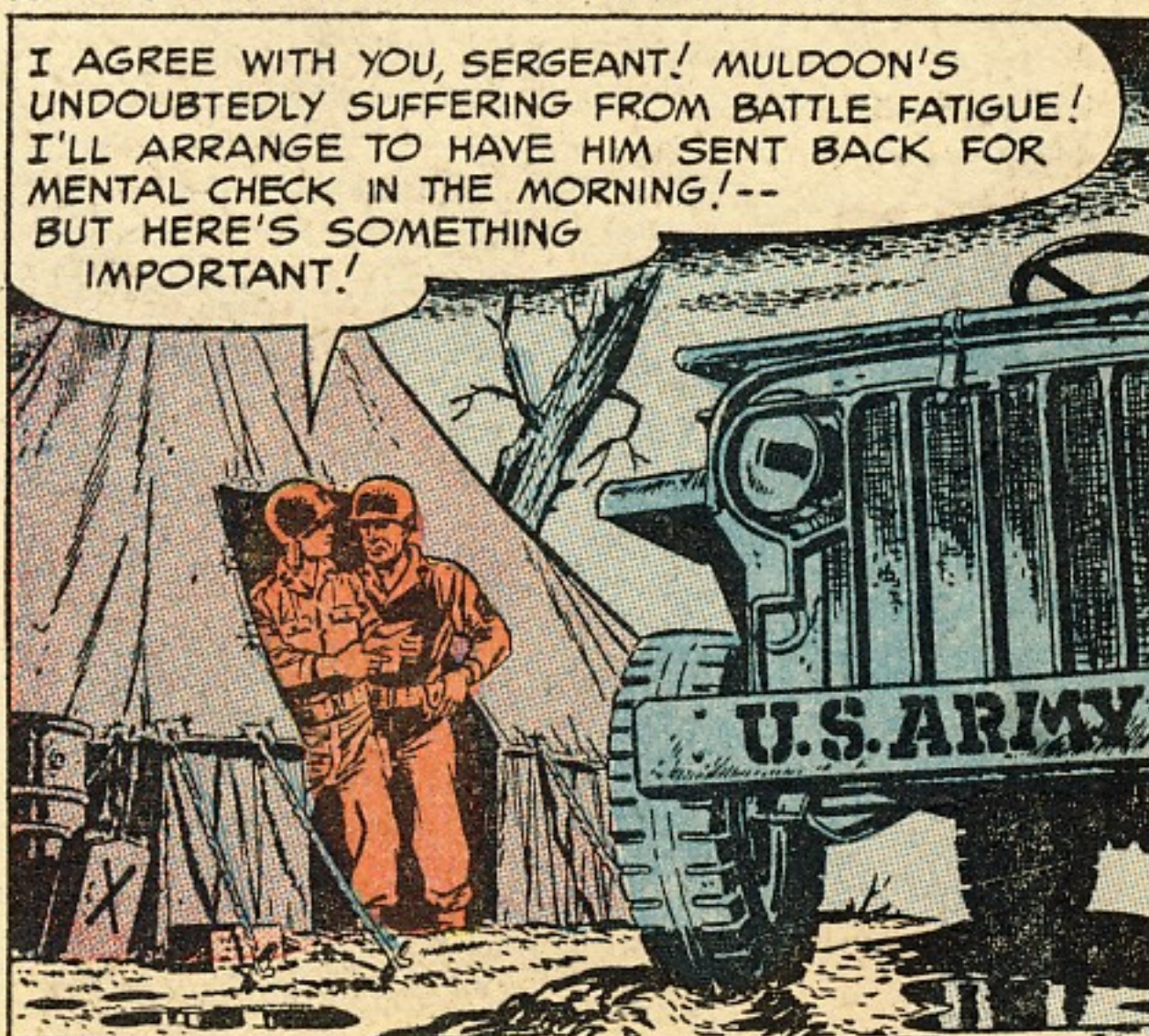
GOTTA HUMOR MULDOON! THAT'S TH' FIRST THING TH' BOOK SAYS!



YA HEARD TIMMY MULVANEY YERSELF, SARGE! IT'S **ANOTHER** WARNIN'! Y'GOTTA BE **CAREFUL** ON THAT SORTIE TOMORROW!

YOU'LL BE OKAY, MULDOON! NOW JUS' RELAX! WE'LL HAVE YA STRAIGHTENED OUT IN NO TIME! THE ARMY'S FAMOUS FOR THAT!

LATER, AT LIEUTENANT PARKER'S HEADQUARTERS...



I AGREE WITH YOU, SERGEANT! MULDOON'S UNDOUBTEDLY SUFFERING FROM BATTLE FATIGUE! I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE HIM SENT BACK FOR MENTAL CHECK IN THE MORNING!-- BUT HERE'S SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



...I NEED A MAN FOR A SORTIE... A MAN I CAN **DEPEND** ON -- NO VOLUNTEERS! I'M ORDERING **YOU**, MULVANEY! YOU'LL LEAVE AT 0400! AND YOU'LL GO ALONE!

Y-YES, SIR!

SEVEN HOURS LATER...



WHERE IS THIS GUY MULDOON? I WANNA SEE HIM!



GLAD YOU'RE BACK, SERGEANT! WE WERE ABOUT TO LOOK FOR YOU!

HERE'S ALL THE DOPE, LOOTENANT...

AN' **NOW** FER THAT--

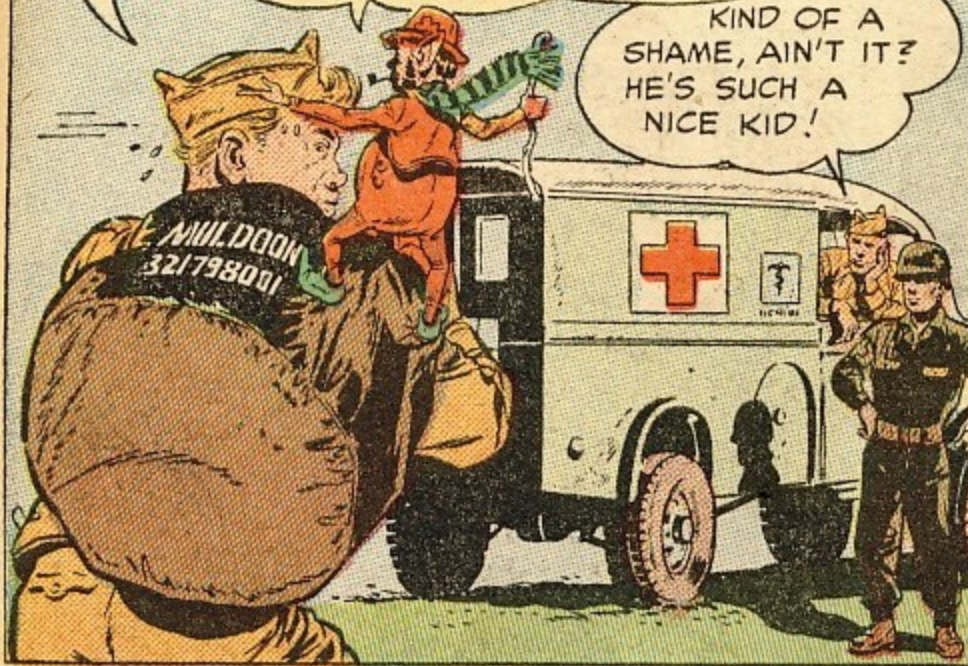
THERE'S MULDOON, SARGE! GETTIN' ON THAT TRUCK FOR THE REAR!



BUT THEY  
THINK I'M  
**NUTS,**  
MULVANEY!

Sure, an' it's the best thing could be  
happenin' to ye! A nice rest—with  
clean sheets all around ye! What're  
ye complainin' about?

KIND OF A  
SHAME, AIN'T IT?  
HE'S SUCH A  
NICE KID!



SECONDS LATER...

**MULDOON!**  
**MULDOON!**  
IT-IT WORKED  
OUT JUS' LIKE  
YA TOLD ME!

THAT'S NICE, SARGE—ER—  
WHAT I MEAN IS I'VE  
SOMETHIN' **MORE** TO TELL  
YE! THE REDS ARE  
GATHERIN' AT THE BASE OF  
THE HILL WITH THE GOLD  
TOP! THEY'RE MASSIN'  
ARTILLERY FOR A BIG ADVANCE!  
TIMMY SAYS IF YOU KEEP THE GLOW  
OF THE MOUNTAIN TO YER **BACKS**,  
YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE BEATIN' EM!



Ronnie, me lad...  
would ye happen  
to be havin a match?

A LITTLE LATER, IN LIEUTENANT PARKER'S  
HEADQUARTERS...

I KNOW IT SOUNDS  
FAR-FETCHED, SIR—  
BUT **I'LL** BE  
WILLIN' TO SCOUT  
THE AREA  
JUST IN  
CASE!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!  
MULDOON'S **BEEN**  
CALLIN' TH' SHOTS,  
ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T  
FIGURE IT!

IT'S UNCANNY—BUT  
WE'LL NEVER KNOW  
UNLESS WE FIND OUT!

ALL RIGHT, BURCH—  
GO AHEAD!



MUCH LATER...

BURCH IS  
OVERDUE,  
SERGEANT!

HE'LL BE  
BACK, SIR...  
YOU CAN  
DEPEND ON  
IT!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT,  
SEVERAL MILES AWAY...

**HOLY CATS!** RED  
ARTILLERY DUG IN JUST  
LIKE MULDOON **SAID**  
IT WAS!



STILL LATER...

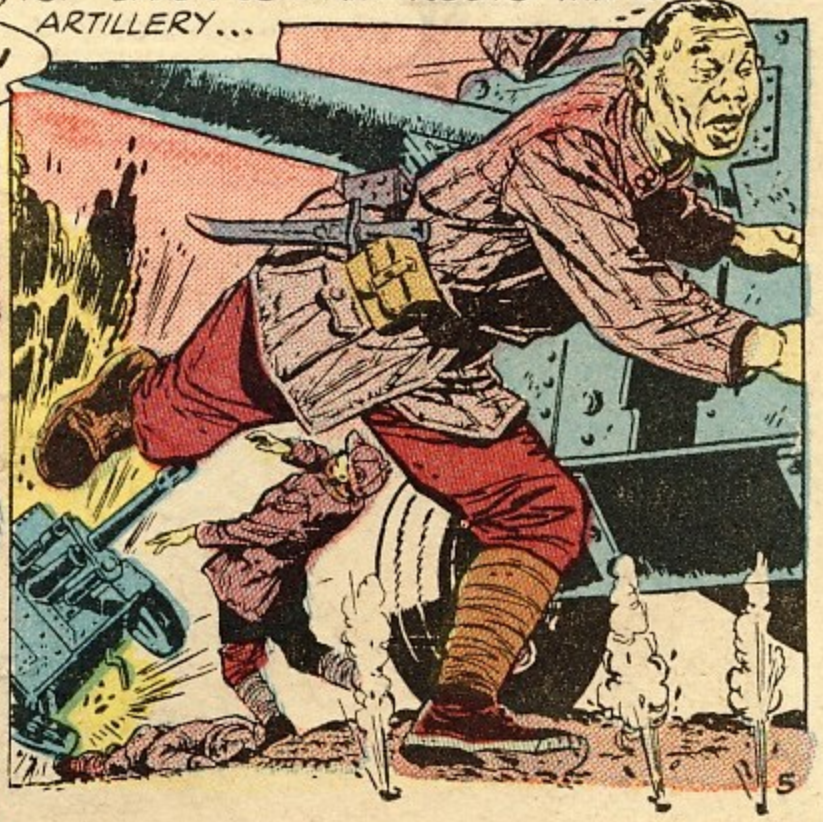
KEEP IT QUIET  
AND KEEP LOW...  
WITH THE SUN AT  
YOUR BACKS!

AND AFTER A STEALTHY  
ADVANCE ...

**UP AND  
AT THEM!**



AND AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL "WITH THE GOLD  
TOP" BAKER COMPANY ROUTS THE RED  
ARTILLERY...





**I**N THE CLEAR OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



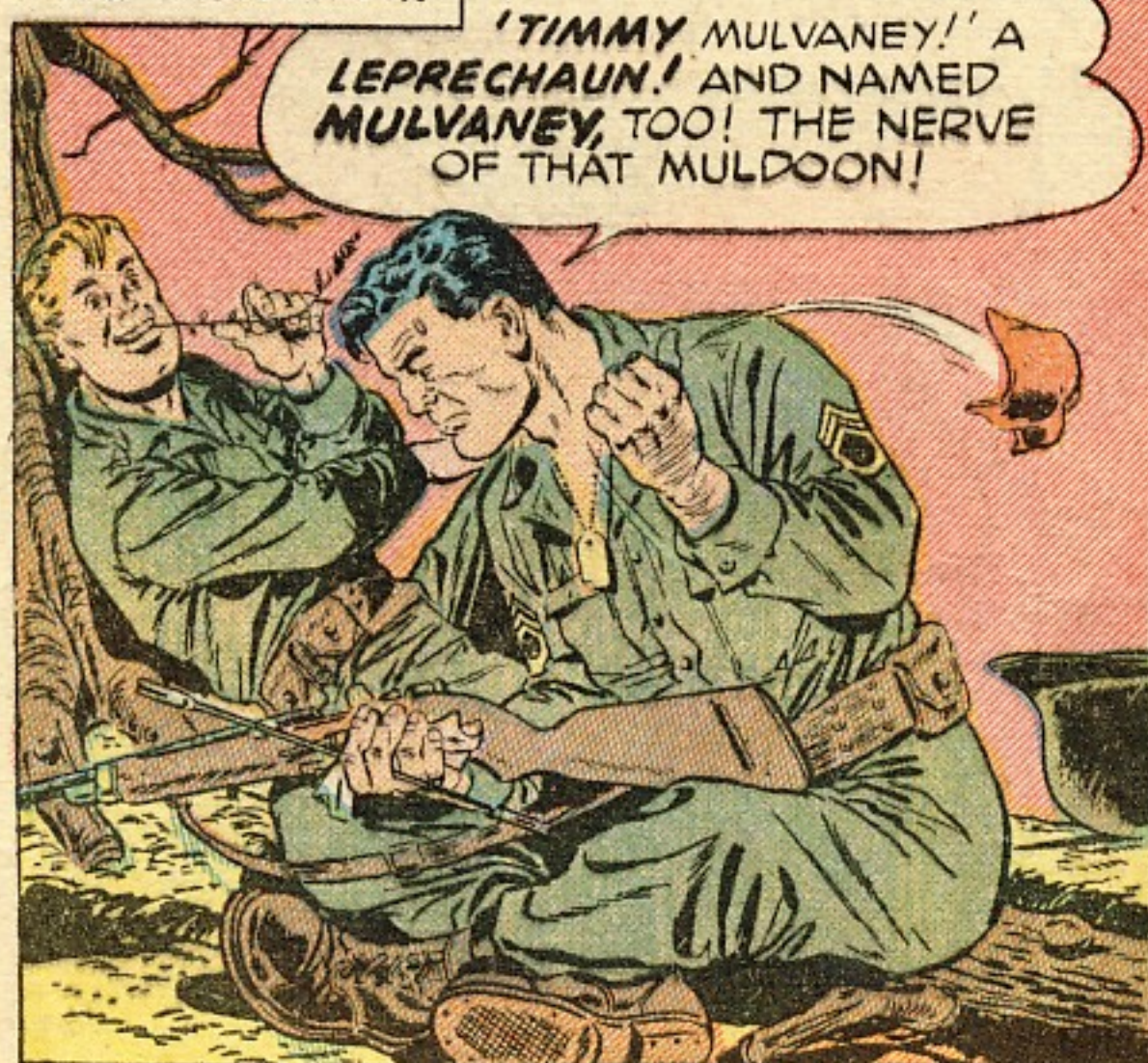
SORRY, SARGE...THE DOCS SAY THERE'S NOTHIN' WRONG WITH ME AT ALL!

**B**UT BEFORE LONG, RONNIE'S JOY IS TURNED INTO DESPAIR...



WHAT'LL TIMMY MULVANEY **THINK** O' ME? I'VE GONE AN' LOST THE TWO-LEAF CLOVER!

**B**UT TIMMY DOES NOT ANSWER! AND SO, THE NEXT MORNING...



'TIMMY MULVANEY!' A **LEPRECHAUN!** AND NAMED **MULVANEY**, TOO! THE NERVE OF THAT MULDOON!



MULDOON! THE REDS WERE **THERE...** LIKE YOU SAID! AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL WITH THE GOLD TOP!

AND WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

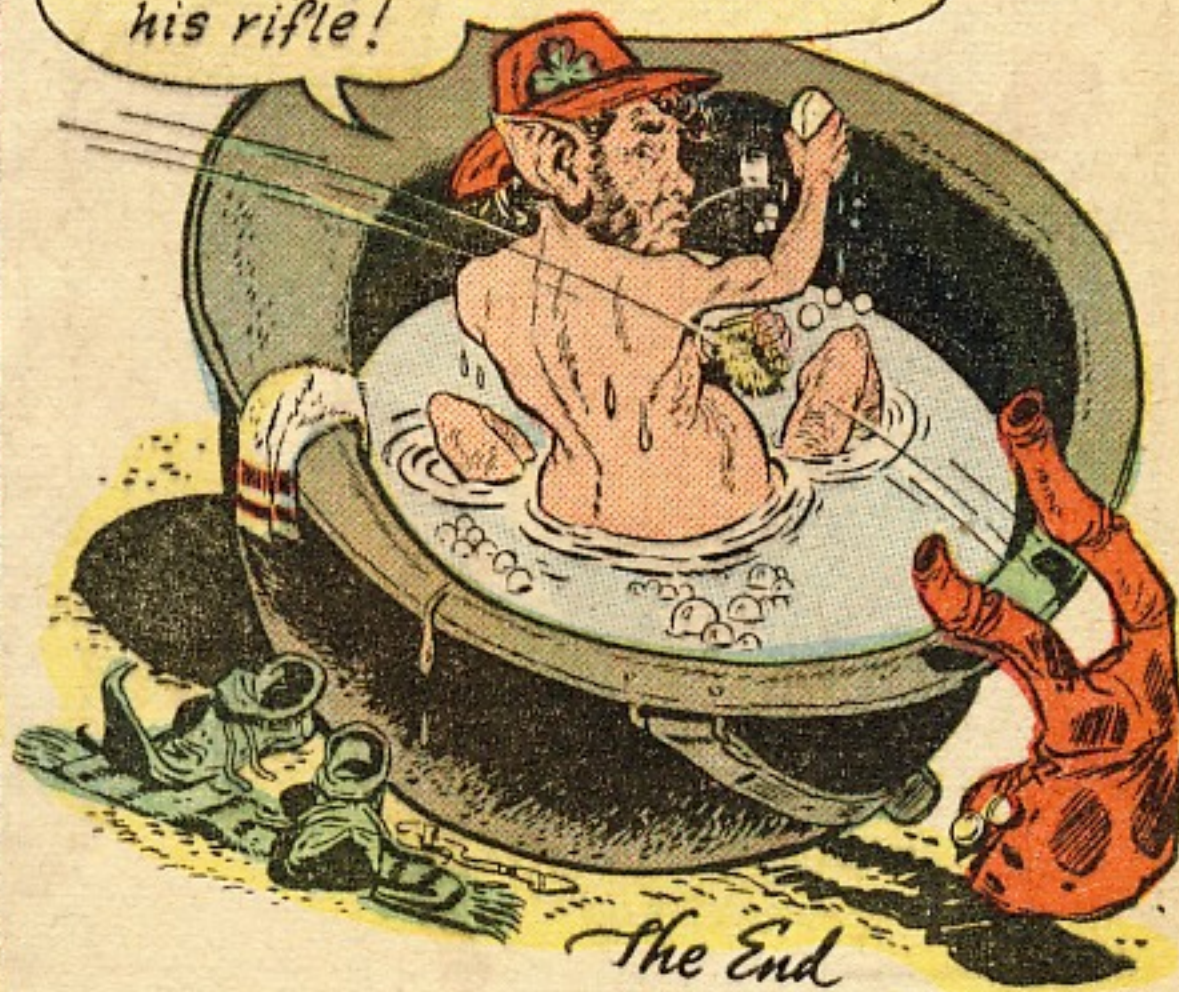
MEBBE IT'S **ME** WHO'S CRACKIN'!

**A**ND THAT NIGHT, IN THE FULL OF THE MOON...



TIMMY! TIMMY MULVANEY! CAN'T YE **HEAR** ME? WHERE ARE YOU?

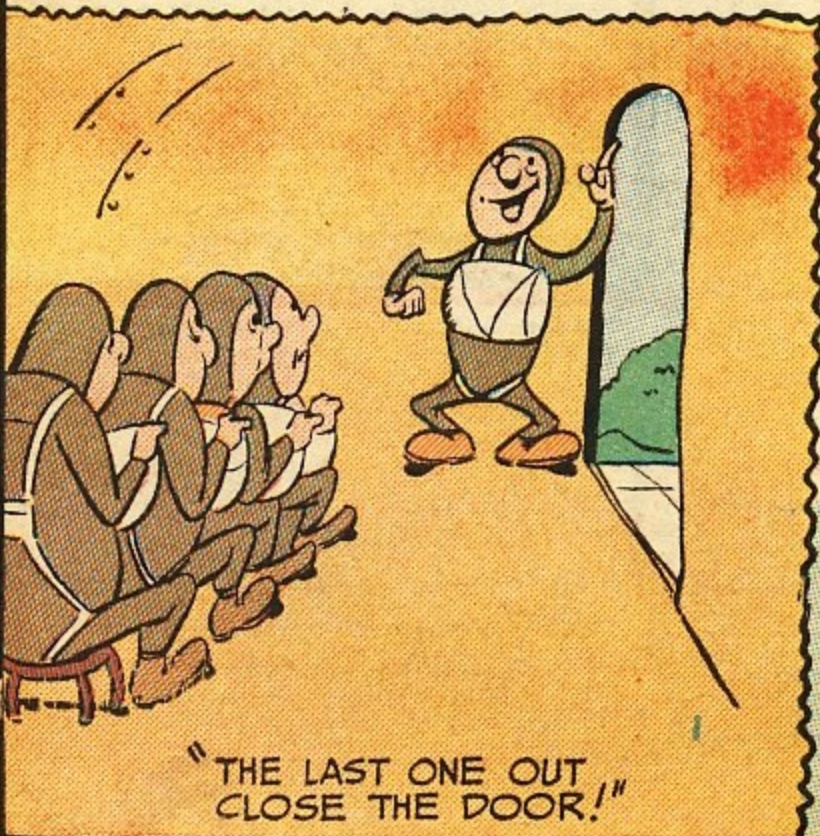
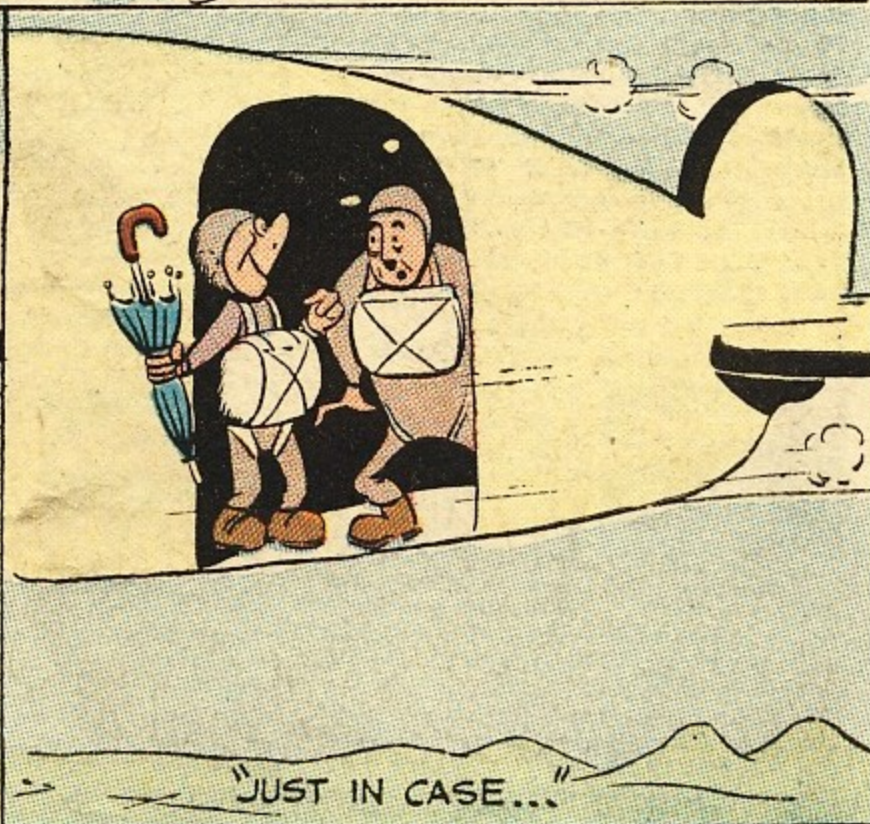
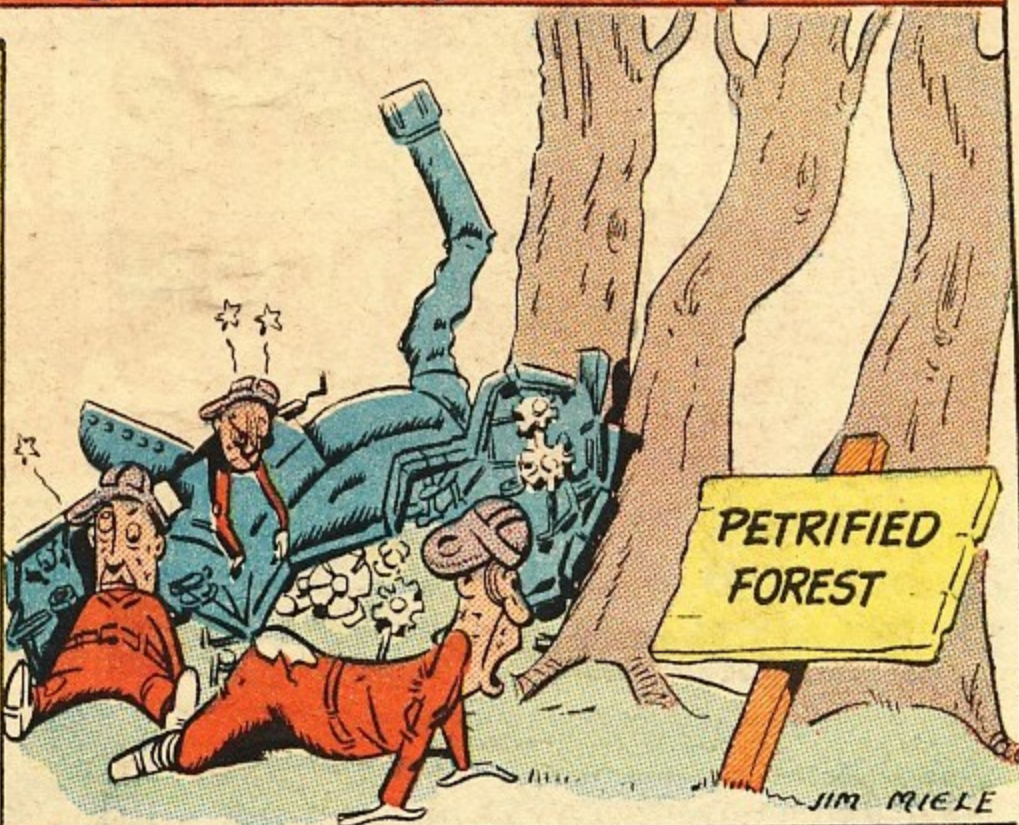
Mulvaney it is! And for him who's not **believin'**, it's a nerve he's got to be usin' me pants fer cleanin' his rifle!



The End



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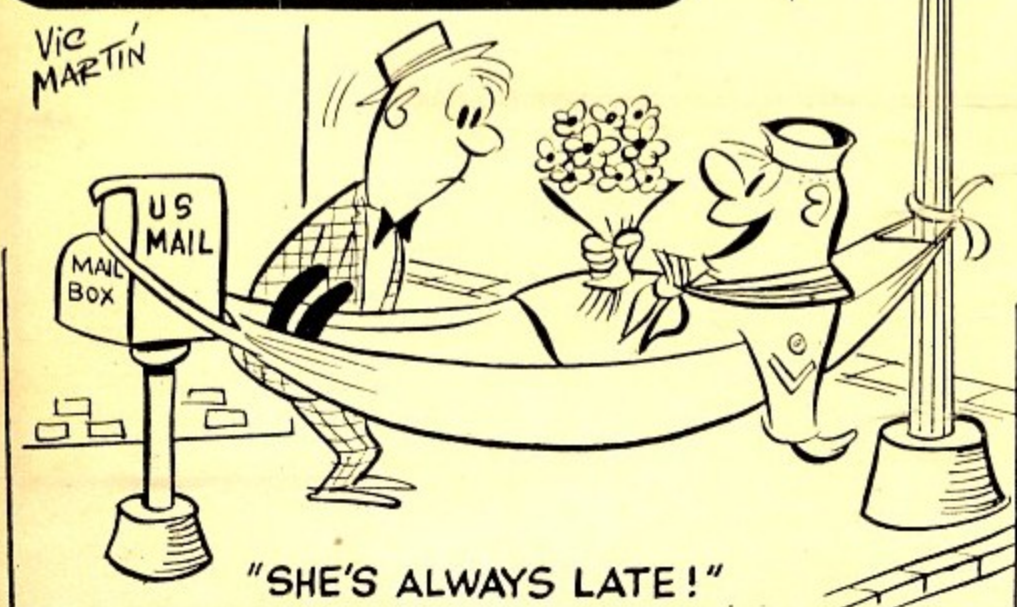
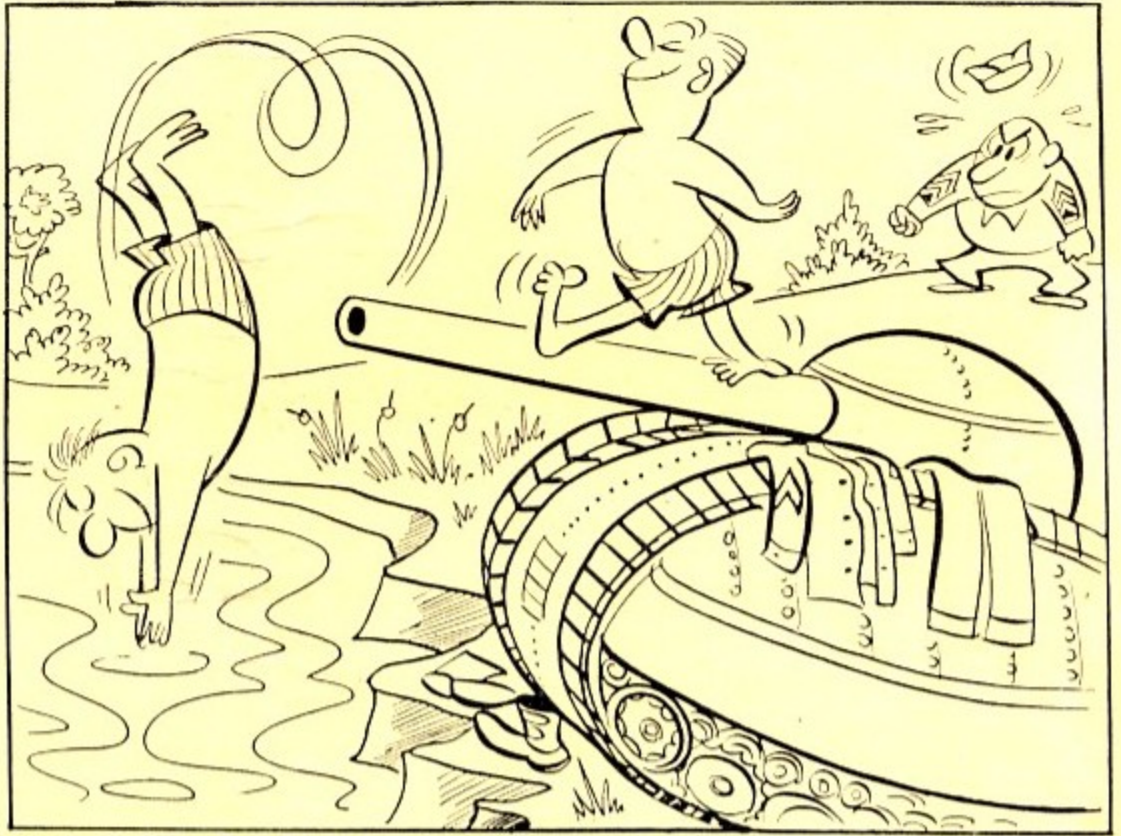
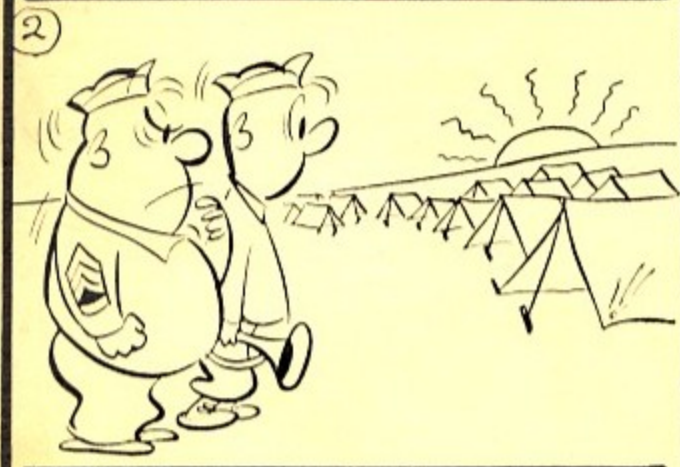
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# SERVICE FUN





# Amazing New Attachment Stops TV Interference In Case After Case!

**Sensational Low Priced Device "Drowns Out" Ghosts, Snow, Static, other interferences and "Brings In" More Stations For Viewers!**

By ROBERT GRANT

—A New York engineer has demonstrated that you can now help do away with TV interference . . . that you can have clearer, sharper, brighter TV pictures . . . that you can "bring in" stations formerly impossible to receive — perhaps double or triple the enjoyment and value you get from your present TV set . . . and do all this in just 30 seconds *WITHOUT* buying a new antenna but by actually increasing the efficiency of your present antenna so that it enables your set to "DROWN OUT" interference!

Yes, the next time you turn on your TV set, instead of weak, wobbly, blurry, faded TV reception . . . instead of getting a picture marred by snow, blurs and "double image," an amazing low priced device makes it possible for you to sit back and enjoy an entire evening of trouble free, bright, sharp, clear reception! Here's the secret!

## WHAT CAUSES TV INTERFERENCE?

Do you know that the signals your TV stations send out to your set are absolutely "clean," and have no interference or static waves of any kind . . . and that your TV set was made to pick up these signals clearly? Then, why is it that you don't get clear, sharp pictures? Because in this modern electronic age there are many more signals streaking through the air which your antenna also picks up and which fight for attention on your TV screen!

For example, you realize that contact of two metallic objects may cause interference . . . static. This interference is picked up by your antenna and flashed on to your picture tube.

And did you know that there are literally hundreds of other signals being sent out to your antenna, whether indoor or outdoor model, every second, every minute, and that all these extra signals are also being passed into your TV set?

For example, FM stations send out interfering signals to your antenna. Other TV sets in your neighborhood even send out their own signals. Every electric appliance, oil burner, train, bus, power station, ship, factory, etc., also sends out signals which may cause distortions, interference, and end up on your screen in the form of streaks, lines, blurs. You get poorer reception, far away stations don't get through and, like many other people, you probably blame your TV set. Actually the trouble is not in your set at all!

## HOW THIS AMAZING DEVICE WORKS!

Perhaps you can understand TV picture interference by considering the noise interference you get on your radio. For example, you know how your radio gets interference when you turn the dial a fraction off the right position. Then when you tune in on the radio signal correctly . . . your radio is able to automatically eliminate interference. Because your radio STATION signal is stronger after sharp tuning . . . your volume can then be lowered and your interference fades away. The same thing is true of your television set.

The interference gets through to your picture because the TV signal

that your set picks up is not STRONG ENOUGH. It cannot "fight off" the interference signals the way your radio set "fights off" static when your set is tuned in perfectly and picks up the strong radio signal.

But now this amazing low priced attachment can match the TV signal your set picks up properly with the TV signal sent out by your TV stations so that the TV signal becomes so strong so clear that outside interference such as streaks, double image, etc are drowned out.

## WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU

The TELEBEAM CLARIFIER with the MAGIC RING for better tuning can help you! This amazing device is 6 inches long. It fastens to the antenna screws on the back of your set in just 30 seconds. It's so easy to put on anyone can do it. But when you do this simple easy thing, the static waves which hit your antenna are no longer visible on your screen! Instead your TV set is matched properly with your antenna. The TV signal itself is made so strong that only this clean, clear signal itself is visible on your picture tube! And what a difference this makes in reception!

## NEVER BEFORE SUCH PRAISE FROM TV OWNERS

Thousands of TV owners have already tried this amazing device. Enthusiastic reports have come in from users. You have never seen such "raves."

In case after case TV owners who had been getting TV pictures marred by distortion, interference, ghosts, snow, fuzzy, washed out, weak, blurry, muddy pictures were able to instantly get more perfect reception!

Ghosts and snow disappeared when the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER was attached. Time and time again, users report this simple attachment changed washed out, weak, blurry, muddy pictures into sharp, brilliant, clear reception. User after user has reported amazing new power with the Clarifier . . . reported getting stations many miles distant . . . stations they were never able to receive before. Family after family has reported that sputtering, below standard sound was converted to wonderfully improved tone and excessive static noises were eliminated by the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER.



**BEFORE!** Does your TV set behave like this? This interference is caused by reflections from nearby buildings. Or, it may be caused by metal objects near your home. This interference appears on your picture screen in the form of ghosts or double image. Here you see "ghost" or "double image" TV reception.

Home after home has reported that now they are receiving more stations than ever before . . . receiving stations formerly so bad they weren't worth watching. Users described a new thrill of seeing at last some of the top programs on television programs they never saw before because those stations formerly did not come in clearly.

## VIEWERS NOW RECEIVE STATIONS THEY FORMERLY COULD NOT RECEIVE!

Over and over again reports from users of the amazing new TELEBEAM CLARIFIER with the MAGIC RING tell of receiving stations they formerly could not receive. Are YOU unable to receive some of the best TV stations in your home? No longer do you have to get only part of the entertainment value of television. Now a great low priced device guarantees you more perfect reception from all the stations your set should pick up! Or your money back. You can prove it to yourself without risking a penny!



**AFTER!** But now see how this interference is gone from the picture! This low priced device (that you can attach to your TV set in just 30 seconds) has weakened the outside interference by strengthening the TV signal. Read this page. Learn how this amazing, inexpensive device can give you more perfect TV pictures.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT POOR RECEPTION!

Here's why your TV picture may be blurred, faded, why you get double image, blurs, snow . . . why more distant stations can't get through. All this interference is picked up by your antenna and carried straight into your TV set! Don't blame your set for poor reception because of these causes! Do this simple, easy thing. Simply attach the sensational TELEBEAM CLARIFIER to the two antenna screws on the back of your set. All you need to be able to do is to turn a screw driver to the left, and turn it back to the right. In a jiffy the outside interference that is robbing you of the perfect, clear picture you should be getting now fades away. Instead of appearing on the picture in the form of streaks, blurs, snow, ghosts, lines, flickers, and weak reception, this interference is "smothered" by the strong clear TV signal the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER makes possible. In a flash you can expect

the kind of clear, bright, sharp picture you are entitled to. And all you have done is spend 30 seconds of your time doing something as simple as loosening and tightening two screws! Yet, by this easy, simple step, and for a cost so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention, you may double or triple the enjoyment you get from your expensive TV set!

## USERS GET RID OF TV TROUBLES IN JUST 30 SECONDS!

Mr. W. E. F. of New Providence, N. J., writes, "I was formerly bothered with ghosts and interference on several channels. When I installed the Telebeam Clarifier the pictures were so good my friends asked me to get Telebeam Clarifiers for them. I can also receive channels 3, 8 and 10 with the Telebeam Clarifier which I did not get at all before."

Mr. E. N. of New York City writes, "Found that Clarifier cleared up my ghosts, improved my contrast on all channels, improved sound, cleared up snow. Very pleased."

Mr. B. C. of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes, "Clarifier improved quality and strength of the sound and picture and the channels that were weak and ghostly. Also FM signal much better than before."

## SEND NO MONEY! TRY TELEBEAM CLARIFIER AT OUR RISK!

Make this special no risk test. Try the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER with its MAGIC RING on the 7-day no-risk trial. One by one turn to each station in this area. See how many stations you are able to receive. Note the picture carefully on each different station. Take full advantage of this iron clad guarantee. If you do not get better, clearer reception with the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER than you ever dreamed possible your money will be returned immediately. No questions asked. Could anything be fairer? You be the judge. We send it to you on trial. And you must be satisfied in every way or your money will be refunded immediately. You risk nothing. The factory is manufacturing only a limited number at this time. So, don't put it off. Mail the no risk coupon to Hastings Products, Inc.

**400 Madison Ave.  
New York 17, N. Y.**

## READ WHAT AN EXPERT TV SERVICEMAN SAYS:

Mr. J. A. C., President of a Brooklyn, N. Y., TV service company writes, "After trying various types in bad reception areas we tried your Telebeam Clarifier and I was amazed. Picture contrast improved almost 100%; ghosts were no longer visible and interference was eliminated. Not only did it clear the picture, but Channel 13, which we cannot get in the area, came in almost as good as Channel 4. Unbelievable from such a simple device. TV servicemen will sure welcome this aid."

## FOR CLEARER TV RECEPTION—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

HASTINGS PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. G-1-6

**400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY**

I want to try the TELEBEAM CLARIFIER on my TV set without any risk. I understand that it must drown out TV interference and improve reception, or it will cost me nothing. Please send TELEBEAM CLARIFIER at the direct-by-mail price of only \$2.98 C.O.D. If I am not delighted with results you will refund my money, no questions asked.

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SEE HOW YOUR ANTENNA PICKS UP INTERFERENCE From Factory Machines, Trucks, Automobiles, Doctor's Equipment, Railroad Tracks, etc.